JULY 7, 1962. VOL. CCXLX. No. 3240. TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE

THE SPHERE

McVITIE & PRICE

Makers of Finest Quality Biscuits

EDINBURGH · LONDON · MANCHESTER

Apollinaris is the natural mixer with Scotch...

ask for a Scotch and ***POLLY***

Fortnums in the evening?

delicious!

Fountain Restaurant is now open until 11.30 p.m. Mon-Fri

Fortnum & Mason

Duke St./Jermyn St. corner

Drambuie

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD'S LIQUEUR

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

SUPPLIERS OF PHOTOGRAPHIC EQUIPMENT

WALLACE HEATON

The Camera People

127 New Bond Street, London, W.1

The essence of feminine elegance . . .

LES PARFUMS WORTH

JE REVIENS · VERS TOI · DANS LA NUIT · IMPRUDENCE

The modern treatment for eye health

Optrex *the* EYE LOTION

GEISWEILER

the Greatest name in Burgundy

Sole Importers : Fickus Courtenay & Co. Ltd., 35, Dover Street, London, W.1.

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

UNITED BRITISH INSURANCE COMPANY Ltd.

BYRON HOUSE, 7/9, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

PUBLISHING OFFICE: INGRAM HOUSE, 13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, LONDON, W.C.2

Registered as a Newspaper for Transmission in the United Kingdom

FOR POSTAGE RATES SEE FRONTISPIECE

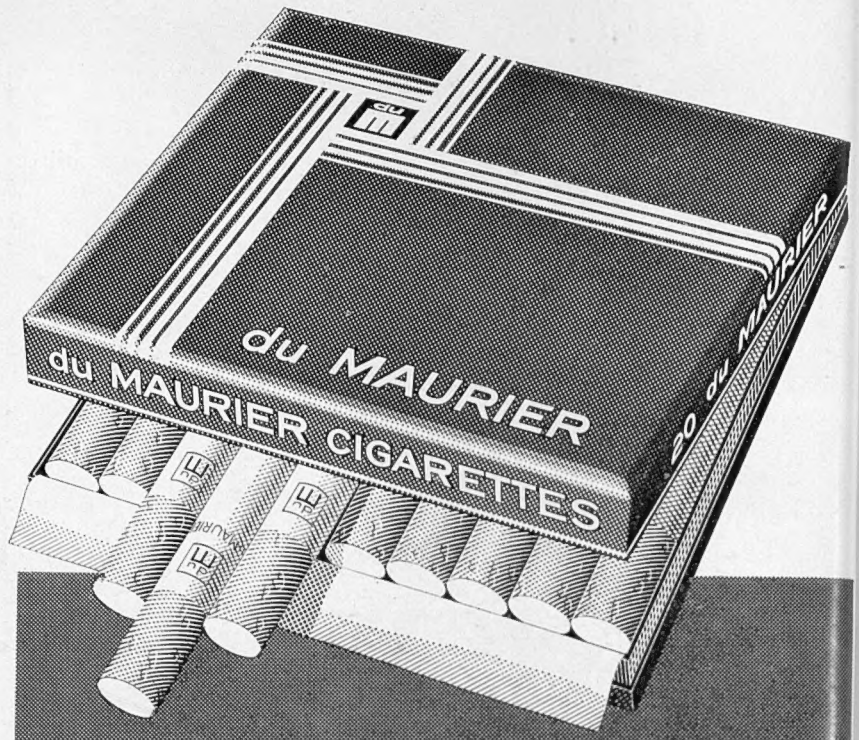
PRICE 2/6

HIGHLAND QUEEN

SCOTCH WHISKY

A Queen all the world acknowledges

MACDONALD & MUIR LTD Established 1893 — Queen of Scots — DISTILLERS LEITH SCOTLAND



A box of

du MAURIER

carries twenty

superbly packed

full size

filter tip cigarettes

made from

the finest

Virginia tobacco

that money

can buy.

Twenty Exceptional Cigarettes for 4/6

The Happiest Book of the Year

DOCTOR IN THE SWIM

RICHARD GORDON

(13/6)

"Why don't they prescribe Dr. Gordon's tonics on the National Health?"

London Evening News and Star

MICHAEL JOSEPH

BY UAA

NEW COMET 4c flights twice weekly to Bangkok, Hong Kong, Tokyo in addition to the regular flights to Rome and Cairo (daily), Frankfurt (3 each week), ZURICH & GENEVA (2 each week), Karachi, Bombay (4 each week) and to 32 other Middle East and African centres (via Cairo).

Consult your Travel Agent or UAA. Reservations and Ticket Counter open daily. (Sunday 10 a.m.-5.30 p.m.)

UNITED ARAB AIRLINES

31 PICCADILLY, LONDON W.1. REGent 2395-6-7

Amongst the World's most experienced airlines—flying since 1932.

Chartwell

BY KIND PERMISSION OF
SIR WINSTON & LADY CHURCHILL
THE GROUNDS OF CHARTWELL, WESTERHAM, KENT
will be open on
Wednesday, 11th July
in aid of the Young Women's Christian Association of Great Britain
Wednesday, 25th July
in aid of Westerham and Crockham Hill Parish Churches
10.30 a.m. to 8 p.m.
REFRESHMENTS SERVED THROUGHOUT THE DAY.
ADMISSION: TWO SHILLINGS.

London's leading photographic Agency

L.E.A.

provides photographs, artwork and colour transparencies for advertising, commercial and editorial use.

L.E.A. stock many thousands of photographs covering the following subjects: Child and Adult studies, Natural History, Views, Agriculture, Ballet, Theatre Personalities and Animals. *L.E.A.* are also agents for leading artists, in specialised fields, including G. H. Davis, Dennis Flanders, C. E. Turner and J. Millar Watt.

For further details, please write or telephone: The London Electrotype Agency Ltd., Ingram House, 13-15 John Adam Street, London, W.C.2 Tel.: Trafalgar 7020.

RINSE AWAY TARNISH

with HAGERTY SILVER FOAM

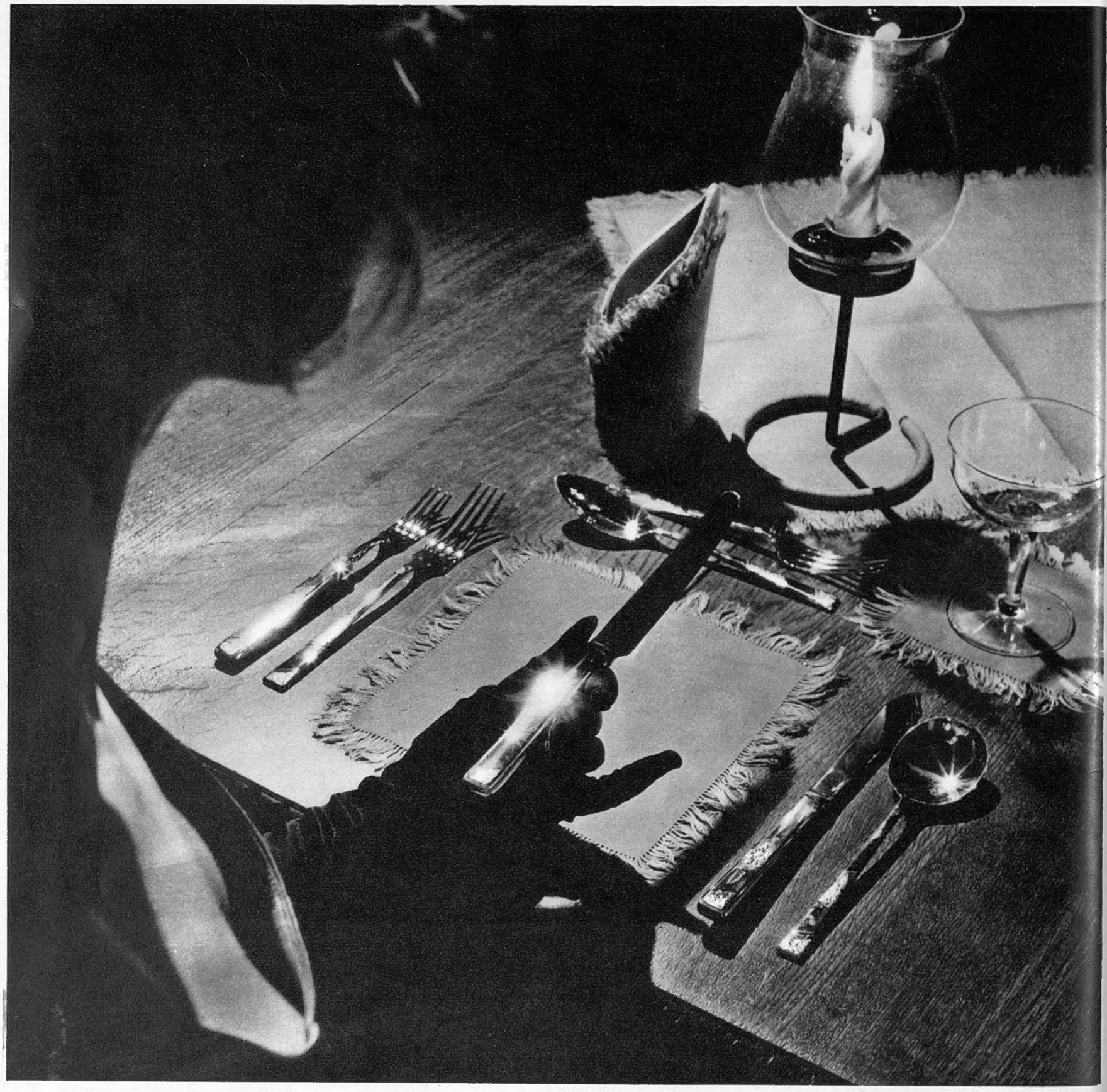
Washes and polishes in one operation, and is guaranteed safe. Foaming action washes tarnish with no rubbing, and rinses clean, leaving no dried deposits in patterns.
(6 ozs) 7/6d. from your local jeweller.
Write for FREE sample to
W. J. HAGERTY & SONS, LTD.
Dept. 74 c/o
VINERS OF SHEFFIELD
P.O. BOX 13 Sheffield
Made in England for Viners of Sheffield.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s. 6d., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever. *

A superb 81 piece service set in sterling silver, for eight persons. The Margaret Rose pattern adds true charm to these beautifully made and perfectly balanced pieces. In a single-drawer walnut cabinet of modern design. £205.

Silver... *by* GARRARD

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
GOLDSMITHS & CROWN JEWELLERS
GARRARD & CO. LTD., LONDON



For fine silver cutlery, made to traditional and modern designs by craftsmen of world fame, make absolutely certain you visit Garrard.

If you would like to receive our catalogue of service cutlery, just write "Cutlery" on your notehead, add your name and title, and send it to us.

GARRARD The Crown Jewellers

112 REGENT STREET W1 · REGENT 3021

Volume CCL No. 3240

THE SPHERE

LONDON, July 7, 1962

© 1962. Illustrated Newspapers Ltd. *All Rights Reserved.*

With which are incorporated *The Graphic* and *Black & White*

SIR WINSTON'S ACCIDENT

Sir Winston Churchill gives a typical gesture as he is carried from the ambulance on his arrival at the Middlesex Hospital in London. He had been flown in an R.A.F. ambulance Comet to London Airport from Nice. On the previous day he had fallen in his hotel room in Monte Carlo and broken his left thigh. An emergency operation to set the bone was successful. Soon after he reached the Middlesex Hospital Sir Winston had another operation to complete the setting of the fracture. This, too, was successful and his condition was stated to be satisfactory. Bulletins signed by his doctors over the weekend reported his progress was being maintained. On Sunday he got out of bed for a little while. Throughout the world there was widespread anxiety at the news of the accident to the eighty-seven-year-old Sir Winston, and messages of good wishes and hope for as speedy a recovery as possible poured into the Churchills' London home from all quarters. Both at London Airport and outside the hospital he was given great welcomes by crowds of well-wishers. (See also photographs on page 7)

Postage: Inland, 4½d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 4½d.

Protest marchers from the cotton industry make their way along Oxford Street, London, in the demonstration organised by the Textile Action Group. Among the marchers were six Labour M.P.s, four mayors from Lancashire cotton towns, five bands, and 4,000 cotton workers. The demonstration took place last week on the day before the Commons debated a Labour censure motion calling for "positive steps to promote the stability and prosperity of the industry." Four Conservative M.P.s were understood to have voted against the Government and others to have abstained

LANCASHIRE COTTON WORKERS MARCH IN LONDON

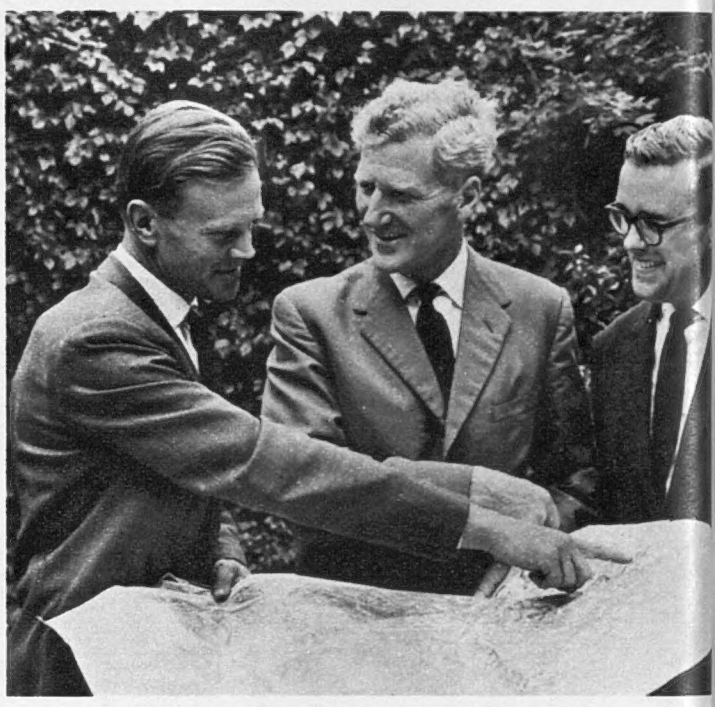
Far right: Preparing for a different kind of procession, Italians in the small town of Genzano carpet the main street with patterns of flower petals in preparation for the traditional ceremony in honour of their festival. After being on display all day, the petals were trodden underfoot as the procession made its way to the church

THE TRADITIONAL FLORAL CARPET IN GENZANO

A smiling Duke of Kent drives out of Coppins, Buckinghamshire, on the day after the Duchess of Kent had given birth at their home to a son, weighing 6 lb. 4 ozs. Both were stated to be well. Later last week it was announced that the baby, tenth in line of succession, would take the Duke's subsidiary title of the Earl of St. Andrews

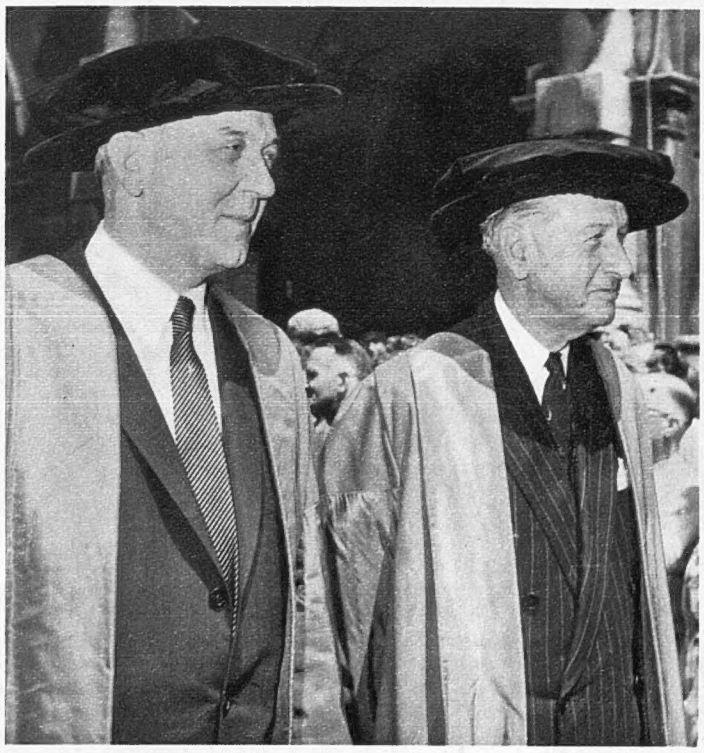
A SON FOR THE DUKE OF KENT

Far right: Sir John Hunt (centre), leader of a British mountaineering expedition, discusses the route of their expedition to the Pamir Range in Central Asia, with two members of the party, Mr. W. Noyce and Mr. I. McNaught-Davis. Six Russian climbers will join the expedition, which will attempt mountains in the Soviet Union, including the Peak of Communism, Russia's highest, which have so far only been open to Communist climbing expeditions



SIR JOHN HUNT'S EXPEDITION TO RUSSIAN PEAKS

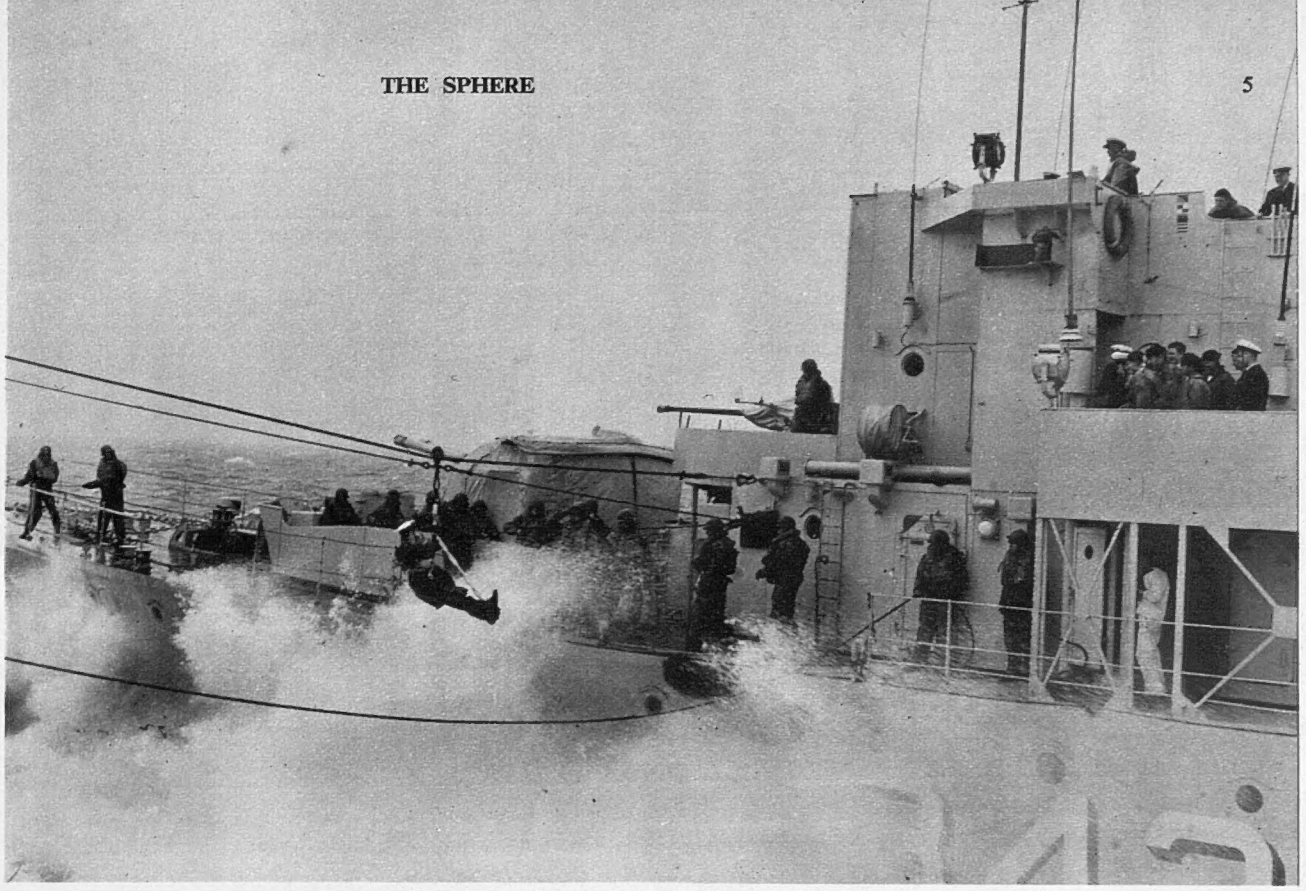
Mr. Dean Rusk, the U.S. Secretary of State, and Mr. Eugene Black, the President of the World Bank, wearing doctor's robes, walk in procession through Oxford to receive the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law at the Encænia. Mr. Rusk was a Rhodes Scholar at St. John's College. **Far right:** After having received an honorary Doctorate of Letters, Mr. Charles Chaplin, the great film comedian, talks with some of those who attended the ceremony. Honorary Doctorates of Letters were also conferred on Mr. Graham Sutherland, the artist; Dr. Helen Cam, the Cambridge medieval historian, and Professor George Ostrogorsky, Professor of Byzantine History, Belgrade University. Mr. Yehudi Menuhin was made an honorary Doctor of Music, and Sir F. C. Bartlett, F.R.S., the psychologist, an honorary Doctor of Science



DR. DEAN RUSK AND DR. EUGENE BLACK

REFRESHMENT FOR DR. CHAPLIN OF OXFORD

THE NEWS IN PICTURES



CHANGING SHIPS IN MID-SEA DURING A NATO EXERCISE

In the six-nation Nato Exercise in the North Sea, called "Fairwind Seven," Vice-Admiral J. G. Hamilton, R.N., Flag Officer Flotillas (Home Fleet), transfers by jackstay from H.M.S. *Crossbow* to the Danish frigate *Valdemar Sejr* (formerly H.M.S. *Exmoor*). The exercise involved ships from Denmark, the Netherlands, Norway, West Germany, the U.K. and the U.S.

FLOWERS FOR THE KING OF LAOS IN VIENTIANE

Below right: King Savang Vatthana of Laos receives flowers offered by girls holding silver jars on his arrival at Vientiane, the Laotian administrative capital, from Luang Prabang, to install the provisional Coalition Government led by the neutralist Prince Souvanna Phouma. One of the first acts of the new Government was to proclaim a cease-fire throughout Laos. It also announced a seven-man delegation, led by Quinim Pholsena, the Foreign Minister, to go to Geneva for the winding-up of the fourteen-nation Geneva Conference on Laos. With the installation of a Government of National Unity in Laos, there were hopes that the resumed conference would have a successful conclusion this week. It was reported that the four Britons held by Laotian rebels for nearly a month had been released

KING SAUD AND PRESIDENT SEGNI

The ruler of Saudi Arabia and the President of Italy stand together in the Quirinale Palace in Rome, the Italian President's official residence. King Saud had come to pay a courtesy visit during a private stay in Rome, part of his holiday in Italy. Signor Segni was elected President of Italy at the beginning of May in succession to President Gronchi. The new President was Premier 1955-57 and 1959-60 and was Foreign Minister at the time of his election as President

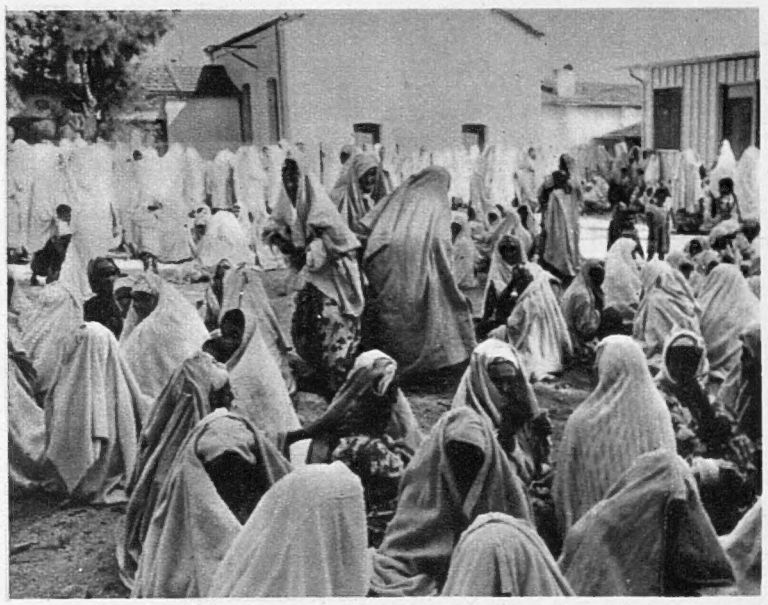
NATIONALIST CHINESE EXERCISE ON MATSU

Armed and camouflaged Nationalist Chinese soldiers run out of a tunnel on Tungyin, one of the islands of the Nationalist-held Matsu group, some 30 miles from the coast of the Chinese mainland. The troops were taking part in a routine exercise. Up to the middle of last week there were no further reports of a build-up of Chinese Communist troops in the province of Fukien, facing the Matsu group. The increased tension caused by Pekin's claims that the Nationalists were planning to invade the mainland had eased a little. But there was no sign of general relaxation in the perpetual Far East crisis. A new element had been introduced into it by the report of the International Commission on Vietnam. It alleged both North and South Vietnam had violated basic provisions of the Geneva agreements of 1954

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

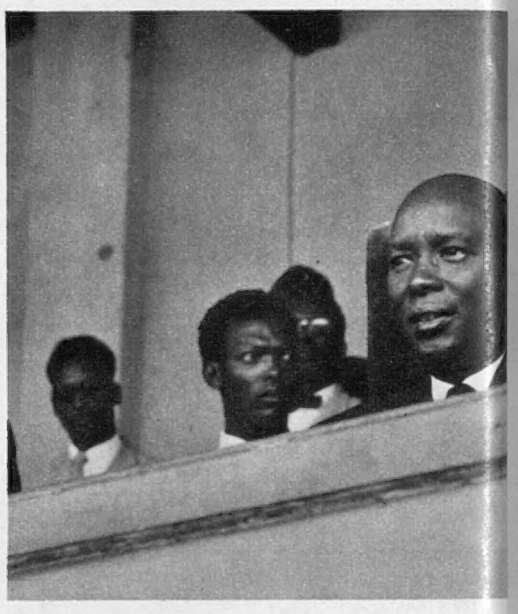
BRITAIN'S BIGGEST CHALLENGER IN CIVIL AVIATION, THE VC 10, MAKES ITS MAIDEN FLIGHT

The rear-engined Vickers VC 10, Britain's most powerful long-range jet airliner, takes-off on its maiden flight from Vickers' airfield at Weybridge. Piloted by Captain G. R. Bryce, chief test pilot of the British Aircraft Corporation, the airliner made a short flight of nineteen minutes before landing at Wisley, three miles from Weybridge. Unloaded, the VC 10 was noticeably quick in its take-off and rate of climb, using less than 740 yards of runway. Over 150 ft. long, the airliner has four Rolls-Royce bypass turbojets mounted in pairs at the tail and will carry 161 passengers. BOAC has ordered twelve and thirty more of the larger version, the Super VC 10



REFERENDUM DAY IN ALGERIA

Veiled Muslim women gather in the forecourt of a polling station in the St. Pierre-St. Paul suburb of Algiers to vote in the referendum on Algerian independence, which was held last Sunday. First reports indicated that 80 per cent. of the electorate had voted, of which proportion 95 per cent. had polled "yes," in favour of independence. The atmosphere was surprisingly calm. However, divisions among the Muslim Nationalists were feared over the interpretation of "Association with France," also approved in the vote



TWO NEW AFRICAN STATES

Far right: Mwambutse, the Mwami, or King, of Burundi, watches pre-independence celebrations at the football stadium in Usumbura, the country's capital. At midnight on June 30 Burundi became an independent monarchy, at the same time as the neighbouring State of Rwanda became an independent republic. The two countries were formerly associated as the Belgian trust territory of Ruanda-Urundi. In recent weeks there has been a mass exodus of Europeans from both territories, fearing a situation similar to that after Congolese independence two years ago. Last week, the U.N. decided that Belgian troops could remain in Rwanda and Burundi for the first month of independence

WEST INDIANS BEATING THE IMMIGRATION ACT

West Indian immigrants to Great Britain reach the quayside at Southampton in a tender from the liner *Begona*. They were among the last-minute groups of immigrants to arrive before the Commonwealth Immigration Act came into force last Saturday midnight. On the first day of application of the Act fourteen men were refused entry into Britain of a total of 599 arrivals

DR. ADENAUER ON THE EVE OF HIS FRENCH VISIT

Far right: Dr. Adenauer, the West German Chancellor, attends a Catholic service at his home village of Bad Honnef-Rhondorf. This week he was due to pay a seven-day State visit to France, the programme of which was to include a solemn High Mass in the cathedral at Rheims, symbolising the Franco-German reconciliation

V for Victory—Sir Winston Churchill's hand can be seen raised in his famous wartime sign as he is lowered on his stretcher in a forklift from the Comet at London Airport. Lady Churchill had met him there. **Below:** The demonstration of the popular affection and anxiety for Sir Winston as he leaves the ambulance at the Middlesex Hospital

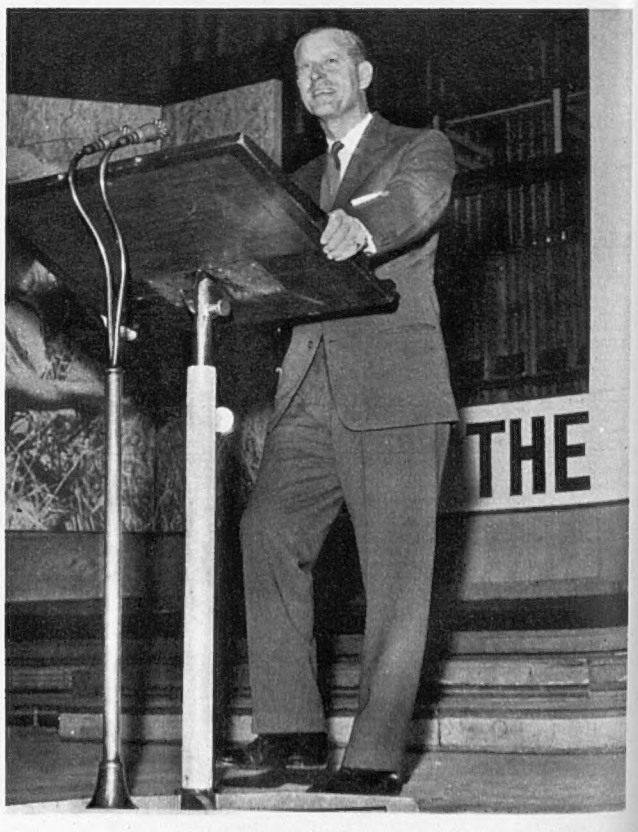
RETURN TO LONDON

At Buckingham Palace, the Queen inspects men of the 1st and 2nd Battalion, 6th Queen Elizabeth's Own Gurkha Rifles. She presented Pipe Banners to the battalions

ROYAL EVENTS

Members of the Royal Family had a busy round of engagements last week. Among other events, the Queen presented Pipe Banners to two battalions of Gurkhas in the garden of Buckingham Palace, and with the Duke of Edinburgh attended the Royal Commonwealth Society for the Blind Concert at the Royal Festival Hall, where they were welcomed by the President of the Society, Princess Alexandra. Earlier on the same day, Prince Philip was at the Festival Hall to launch the Freedom From Hunger Campaign in the United Kingdom. In his speech he announced that over £2,500,000 had been promised by British supporters.

During the Queen Mother's visit to Merchant Taylors' School, Middlesex, she talks to some of the boys



Prince Philip launches the Freedom From Hunger Campaign

WIMBLEDON SENSATION

Miss Billie Jean Moffitt races across the Centre Court at Wimbledon in her match against the No. 1 seed, Miss Margaret Smith. Miss Moffitt, winning in three sets, provided the biggest upset in the ladies' championship since seeding began in 1927. Never before has the No. 1 seed been beaten in her first match

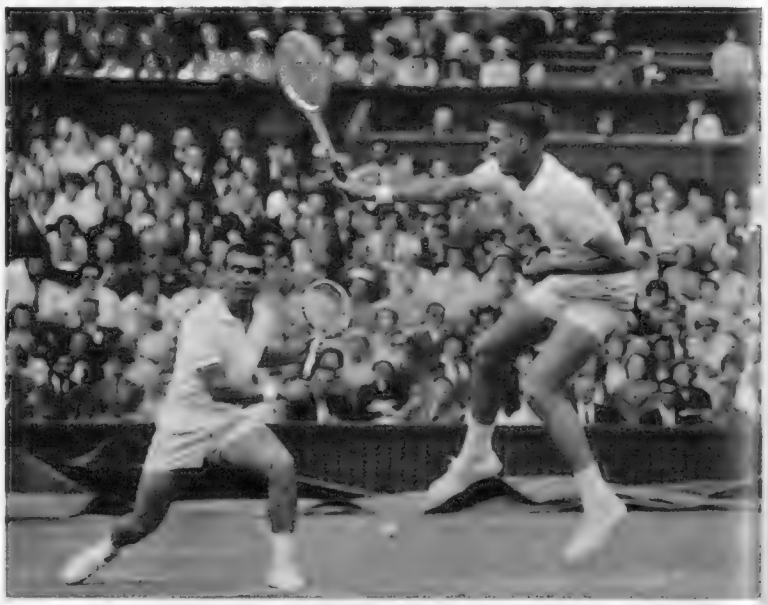
Rod Laver, the No. 1 seed in the Men's Singles, picks up a low cross-court volley in one of his matches on the way to the quarter finals

WIMBLEDON 1962

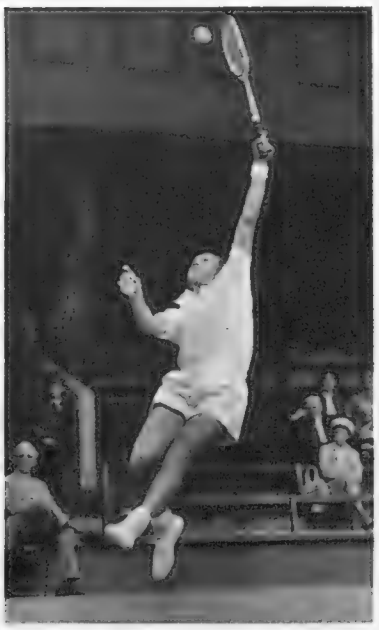
The first week of the 1962 Wimbledon Championships provided surprises enough to make any forecasts of probable finalists an extremely hazardous affair. Six of the sixteen seeds in the Men's and Women's Singles Championships disappeared, some beaten, some overcome by injury. Of the eight men's quarter finalists, six were Australian, including Neale Fraser and his brother John, and at that stage Rod Laver, last year's champion, had not lost a set and looked the only player of world class. The only other countries left with representation were Spain, with Santana, and Mexico, with Osuna.

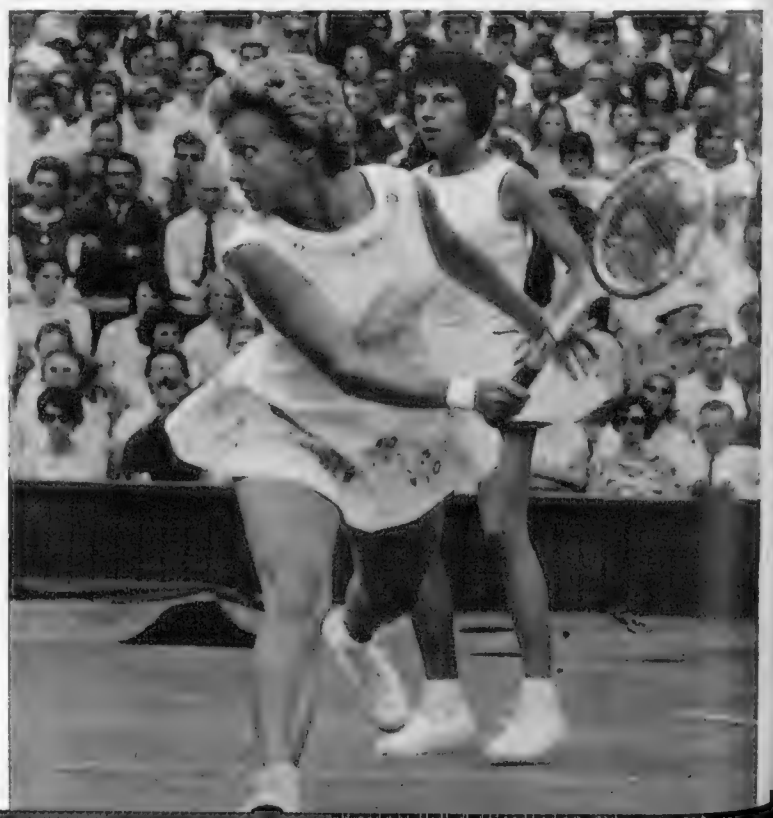
Both Neale Fraser and his brother survived in long five-set matches, against Osuna and K. Fletcher, respectively, to reach the semi-finals of the Men's Singles, where they were joined by Laver and M. Mulligan. All four are Australians.

In the Women's Singles, Ann Haydon, Britain's sole hope, faced Billie Jean Moffitt in the quarter finals. Darlene Hard and Maria Bueno, the remaining top seeds, even if they won their quarter finals, had to play each other before the finals. As far as the doubles were concerned, both men's and women's, the position was, if possible, even more open.



The young American doubles pair—Jon Douglas and Don Dell—in action





Neale Fraser, the No. 3 seed, smashes. **Centre:** Ann Haydon, Britain's only player to reach the singles quarter finals, she was seeded No. 5 in the Women's Singles. **Right:** Darlene Hard goes for a backhand, watched by her doubles partner, Maria Bueno

JOHN CONNELL

THE MASK AND THE FACE

Publishers and booksellers claim year by year, with a certain, ingenuous, undiscriminating and slightly endearing conceit, that " a record number of book-titles have been issued." Reviewers and readers struggle under the mounting flood: what happens to the vast majority is a trade secret which I, for one, would never consciously desire to uncover.

A number, for one reason or another, remain in the memory of some individuals. A few—a very few—have about them a certain seminal quality. To one or two books only in a generation does it befall that not merely are they aesthetically and/or historically of crucial significance in themselves, and in their content, but that they make and mould a future pattern of history. Such a claim may justly be made (in my view) for John Maynard Keynes's vehement piece of pamphleteering, *The Economic Consequences of the Peace*, for Winston Churchill's *The World Crisis*, and for McNeile Dixon's astonishing Gifford Lectures, *The Human Situation*. It will be no more than bare justice if Milovan Djilas's latest book, *Conversations With Stalin* (Rupert Hart-Davis 16s.), joins this small, select company.

It is of itself a brilliant piece of analytical narrative, and descriptive writing (though far from adequately translated), disciplined, sensitive, intelligent and passionately sincere. Its formidable theme is one of the utmost importance. And its appearance is uncommonly timely. Its impact and influence are, I believe, likely to be as lasting in their long-term effects as they are strong in their immediate delivery. The latter has been made at a moment when steps are being taken, all the more disquieting because so little publicised, to bring about a real *rapprochement* on strategy between the U.S.S.R. and Yugoslavia. The book throws a clear, often pretty ruthless, light both on the split between these two countries and on the origin and reasons of the present attempt.

Milovan Djilas

Djilas—his book, with a strange blending of affection and irony, is dedicated to the memory of Aneurin Bevan—is now serving a prison sentence in Yugoslavia. In the early days of Communist rule in his country he was second in place and power only to Tito himself. He is a noble and tragic figure—a thwarted, brutally ill-treated and profoundly disillusioned idealist, and by some odd twist of fate the only writer of genius that the Communist Movement, in any country, has yet been able to produce. In his own words he is, " driven by an inner compulsion to leave nothing unsaid that might be of significance to those who write history, and especially to those who strive for a freer human existence."

This combination of gifts, rounded off as it is by dauntless physical and moral courage, boundless experience and deep skill in the use of Marxist dialectic, makes him a formidable man, either in the service of or (as was quite inevitable) at odds with a totalitarian regime.

The book was written between spells of confinement. Djilas was conditionally released in January 1961, and was rearrested just three months ago, " in connection, presumably," Messrs. Hart-Davis grimly but no doubt accurately conclude, " with his book's then forthcoming publication." Its foreword is dated: " Belgrade, November 1961."

It is short—173 pages of text and a further thirteen of biographical notes on the characters briefly and luminously presented on this small canvas. It concerns three visits which Djilas, the young, dedicated ardently worshipping hero of the Communist Resistance, paid long ago to the shrine of his faith, to the temple and the home of its arch-priest, Stalin. It is suffused with a passionate, utterly convincing veracity.

To someone who has ploughed wearily through uncounted chapters of Sovietology, Djilas's writing comes as an immense refreshment and reinvigoration. It tingles the heart as well as the mind. It is as cool and as clear as a Highland burn on an autumn morning. It is written with a mountaineer's audacity, a mountaineer's grace, and a mountaineer's unselfconscious austerity. It is by far the best book on Communism that I have ever read.

In its highest echelons of all, Communism, in all its dealings with the outside world, wears an elaborately modelled and somewhat sinister mask. Hitherto we in the West have been shown a few facets of that mask, as seen by a few enterprising and talented individuals; there is, for example, Sir Winston's reluctantly admiring vignette of the warrior-statesman, with his alert and probing mind; and there is Lord Alanbrooke's more sardonic account of his own sense of repulsion at " an unpleasantly cold, crafty, cruel face," and of a man " ageing and beginning to show distinct signs of wear." Perceptive though these views are, they are of the mask.

It is Djilas's unique achievement to rip that off, and present us the real face. He has had a unique opportunity and taken it boldly. If any non-Russian Communists ever came near to being trusted by Stalin and his closest associates, they were the Yugoslavs, during and just after World War II; and Djilas without doubt was the best of the Yugoslavs. He therefore saw Stalin, Molotov and the immediate entourage in their unbuttoned and fearful intimacy. He went first to Moscow in 1944, a young believer, prepared to adore all he saw. His disillusionment was steady and complete; but it was creative and not corrosive. For Djilas was an inspired observer and recorder as well as participant.

Here he is, recollected across years of suffering and struggle, in " joyful, and at the same time almost panic-stricken, agitation," about to meet Stalin for the first time:

" What would be more exciting for a Communist, one who was coming from war and revolution, than to be received by Stalin? This was the greatest possible recognition of the heroism and suffering of our Partisan fighters and our people. In dungeons and in the holocaust of war, and in the no less violent spiritual crises and clashes with the internal and external foes of Communism, Stalin was something more than a leader in battle. He was the incarnation of an idea, transfigured in Communist minds into pure idea, and thereby into something infallible and sinless."

With this highly idealised hero in mind, what sort of a man did he, in fact, encounter? An awkwardly-built, paunchy, restless, emotionally volatile little Georgian peasant, rough in his humour, brutal and cunning, who cried out about one of his allies, " Churchill? Churchill is the kind of man who will pick your pocket of a kopeck, if you don't watch him. Yes, pick your pocket of a kopeck! By God, pick your pocket of a kopeck! "

A monster, but a monster with human appetites, human failings, and a preposterous, childish vanity. Neither as neurotic nor as macabre as Hitler, he was yet just as evil. Indeed, Mr. Djilas sums him up with a terrible, almost desperate clarity thus : " Every crime was possible for Stalin, and there was not one he had not committed. Whatever standards we use to take his measure, he has the glory of being the greatest criminal in history, and, let us hope, for all time to come. For in him was joined the criminal senselessness of a Caligula with the refinements of a Borgia and the brutality of a Tsar, Ivan the Terrible."

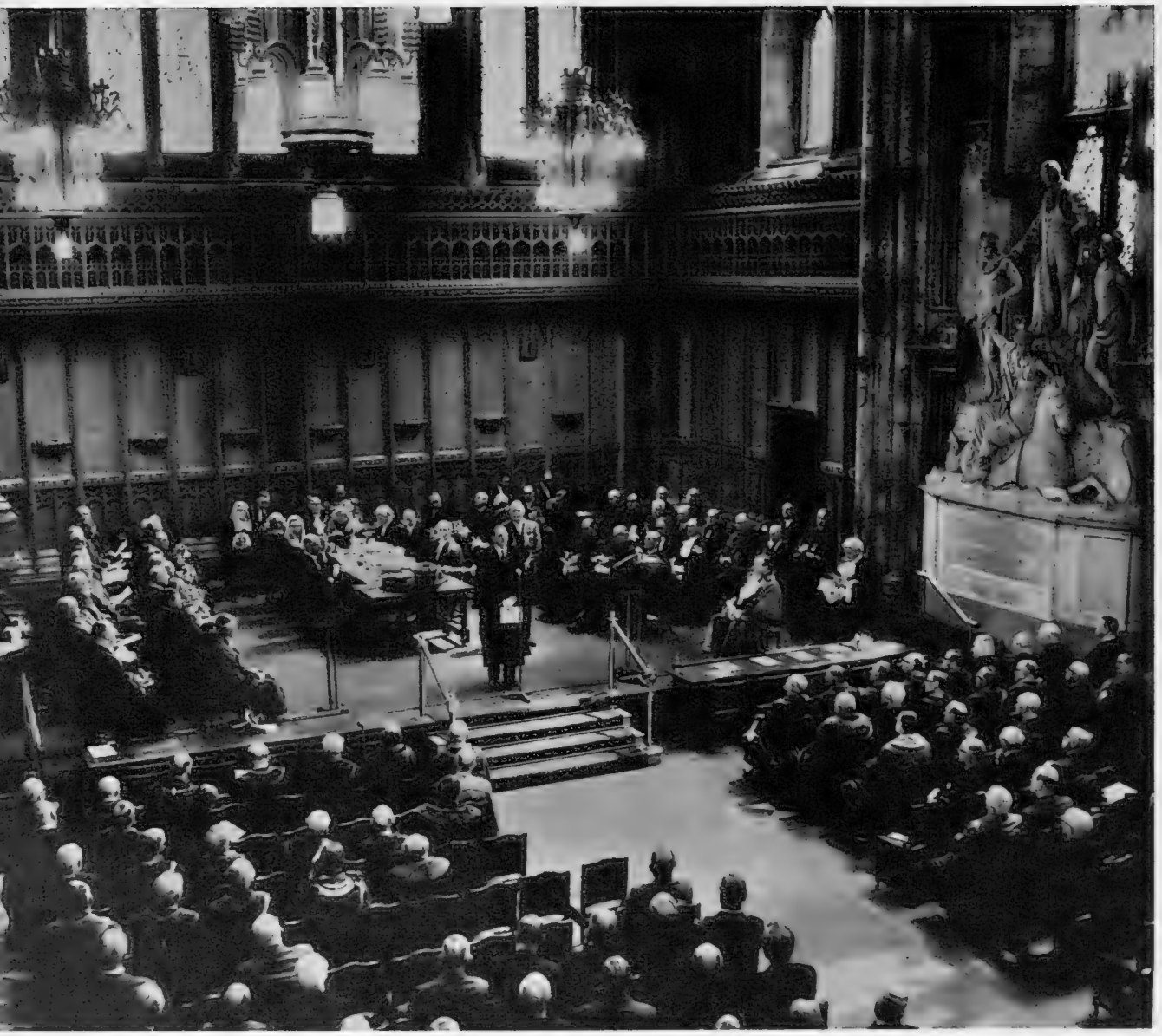
Three successive trips to Moscow, in 1944, in 1945 and in 1948—Djilas divides them under three headings, " Raptures," " Doubts " and " Disappointments "—sufficed to complete the full emotional cycle. By the end of his final visit he was longing to get out as soon as possible, to escape to his own land. " As we flew, I felt more and more like a happy child. . . . It was hard to believe that I was the same person who four years earlier had eagerly travelled to the Soviet Union with an open heart and a disciple's devotion."

He had seen Stalin and his cronies in many moods—calculating and savage, bored and boozing, sophisticated and silly. He had resisted their clumsy wooings, and had not been intimidated by their bullying or their blackmail. He had watched them and seen through them all: Molotov, Stalin's tenacious *alter ego*, the perfect and supremely colourless bureaucrat; Beria, " the plump, greenish, pale " policeman with his soft damp hands, his eyes bulging behind his pince-nez, and his only refuge the bottle: Malenkov, even smaller and fatter, pock-marked, cautious yet lively, alert and restlessly inquisitive. He had been compelled to join in their endless, aimless toasting, their gambling and their crude jokes. In Kiev he had met the vigorous, practical, self-confident Khrushchev—like Stalin a great eater, but, unlike Stalin, a gobbler of food, in order (Djilas suggests) " to spare his artificial steel jawbone."

It is the casual-seeming detail such as this artificial jawbone that finally convinces me of the intense objective truthfulness of this book, balanced with beautiful precision by a subjective honesty that is equally persuasive: " The more I delved into the Soviet reality," Djilas writes of his 1945 visit, " the more doubts multiplied. The reconciliation of that reality and my human conscience was becoming more and more hopeless."

Earlier I referred to Keynes's most famous book—*The Economic Consequences of the Peace*. Now, thinking over *Conversations With Stalin* with all the care I can muster, I am aware of another comparison —this time with Keynes's far less-known *Two Memoirs*, and in particular the first essay on Dr. Melchior, the German-Jewish financier with whom Keynes dealt during the months leading up to the signing of the Treaty of Versailles. The observer-participant's contribution to contemporary history, at this level and with this insight, is of immeasurable value.

b



At Guildhall, Alderman R. I. Bellinger makes his speech after being elected a Sheriff for the City of London. Also elected in the same ceremony was Mr. A. P. Greenaway. They will take office in September

The exterior of the Great Western Railway Museum at Swindon, opened recently by Mr. R. F. Hanks, Chairman of the Western Area Board of the British Transport Commission. The museum, a joint enterprise by the B.T.C. and Swindon Borough Council, is housed in a disused church and contains a fascinating collection of historical locomotives and exhibits. One room is devoted to Brunel, the builder of the G.W.R. Right: One of the locomotives in the museum is the *City of Truro* in its original livery and condition. *City of Truro*, in 1904, was the first steam engine to exceed 100 m.p.h.

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2

QUIS CUSTODIET . . .? Drag out again the old cliché. Nothing better fits the latest report of the Estimates Committee which, year after year, ploughs the sands and sticks its little finger in the yawning gap in the dyke of Government spending. This year the Government's current expenditure is expected to be £1,000,000,000 more than it was three years ago, an increase of 25 per cent. It is putting it mildly to say "the Government did not keep their word in restricting their own expenditure at a time when they frowned on increases elsewhere of over 2½ per cent." Alas! what an easy stone to throw by the Opposition and the layman. But people who live in glasshouses shouldn't throw stones. Parliament after all in some sort authorises these spending sprees, and only the other day we rejoiced to hear that it had acquired more efficient means of control. Now we ask again, does Parliament yet have any genuine control? Where does the extra £1,000,000,000 or so go? In commitments called "open-ended." They have no bottom and no ceiling. It all depends on how much local authorities need in aid, on health services, transport, education supplementaries. For each severally a strong case can be made for them in the House. Or take defence. The menaces we are required to defend are never concrete and vary from day to day. The engines of destruction of yesterday are bows and arrows today and no one will buy the junk at junk prices. Poor old Estimates Committee—the modern Sisyphus—whose hopeless task "is but everlasting hope." And poor Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Lloyd. Their heads, if still un-bowed, are certainly bloody. For the stones flying in the glasshouse come from every angle now. It was only yesterday that the Premier demolished the Liberal programme on the score that it would add £1,000,000,000 to Government expenditure. But he spoke before the latest Estimates Committee report. One might add, "regardless of grammar," "poor *us*." Ignorant, we may be, but we *pay* for our ignorance. Now, friend and foe, they are all back in the glasshouse; and for the Tories, facing the latest barrage of stones, the task is to teach the electorate wisdom.

GLORIOUS ASCOT. More than ever the sun ought to shine down on glorious Ascot in the 1960's. What was once one "duty" out of scores demanded of gilded youth in a London season which lasted from May 1 to July 21 non-stop, is now but "one crowded hour of glorious life"; and infinite labour goes to making it glorious, if only the sun shines. In Edwardian days, the debutante was served by so many anonymous ministering angels Paquin provided the creations and papa paid the bill. The lady's maid laid it out and put it away and laid out the appropriate evening frock for the night's dances, "Middlesex House, 219, Grosvenor Square and 'somebody' at the Ritz," and the chauffeur-driven big Mercedes whisked the golden lads and lassies back from Ascot and out to dinner and supper. Tomorrow the groom would bring round the horses for a ride in the Row before

A GIFT WITH A CONTINUING REMINDER

You will appreciate how delightful a gift "The Sphere" will make for any occasion with its weekly reminder of the sender. Its weekly pictorial coverage of world news, and its first-class writers, will especially appeal to the busy man or woman of affairs.

You can take out a subscription for a friend by sending a cheque or money order to the Subscription Department (S)—"The Sphere," 13-15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE" Published at 2/6 weekly

THESE TERMS ARE INCLUSIVE OF POSTAGE	12 months and Xmas No.	6 months and Xmas No.	6 months no extras
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Great Britain and Eire	7 14 6	3 19 9	3 15 6
Canada	7 0 6 (or $21.50)	3 12 6 (or $11.50)	3 8 0 (or $10.50)
U.S.A.	$22.50	$11.50	$11.00
Elsewhere abroad	7 14 6	3 19 6	3 15 0

During the closing-down ceremony of the R.A.F.'s famous seaplane base at Felixstowe, Suffolk, Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Longmore addresses the assembled company. He was a former C.O. at the base, which was opened in 1913. The R.A.F. High Speed Flight based there won the Schneider Trophy outright for Great Britain in 1931. **Left:** Round the Schneider Trophy, brought from the Royal Aero Club to Felixstowe for the ceremony, are, from left, Group-Captain L. S. Snaith, who flew in the race in 1931; Captain H. S. Broad; Wing-Commander T. H. Moon; Air Commodore D'Arcy Greig; Wing-Commander R. H. Stocken, test pilot on Schneider aircraft; and Air Vice-Marshal S. N. Webster, who won the trophy in 1927

another day at Ascot. It is different now. The Ascot " creations " are the result of long planning and much pinching, and when the long and glorious Gold Cup day is over, getting home is quite a struggle, and it is no easy matter to cook up something on the gas-stove in the flat by way of dinner, and lay away the lovely frocks and hats in band-boxes under the sofa-bed. Moreover, the first fixture tomorrow is all too early, the office desk and the typewriter. But superficially Ascot is as glorious as ever, if much harder work—and on that account perhaps it is the more enjoyed. *One* crowded hour of glory has no room for the boredom of surfeit. But, heavens, how they must work for that brief return to that fabled fairyland they never saw and can hardly believe in, and usually describe as stuffy snobbery. For " Royal Ascot " is an Edwardian pageant, played in Edwardian costumes (many on loan from Moss Bros.), quite unsuitable for any other event in modern youth's year. Like the Garter procession to St. George's, or the Veterans' Run to Brighton, it is a charming and sentimental museum piece.

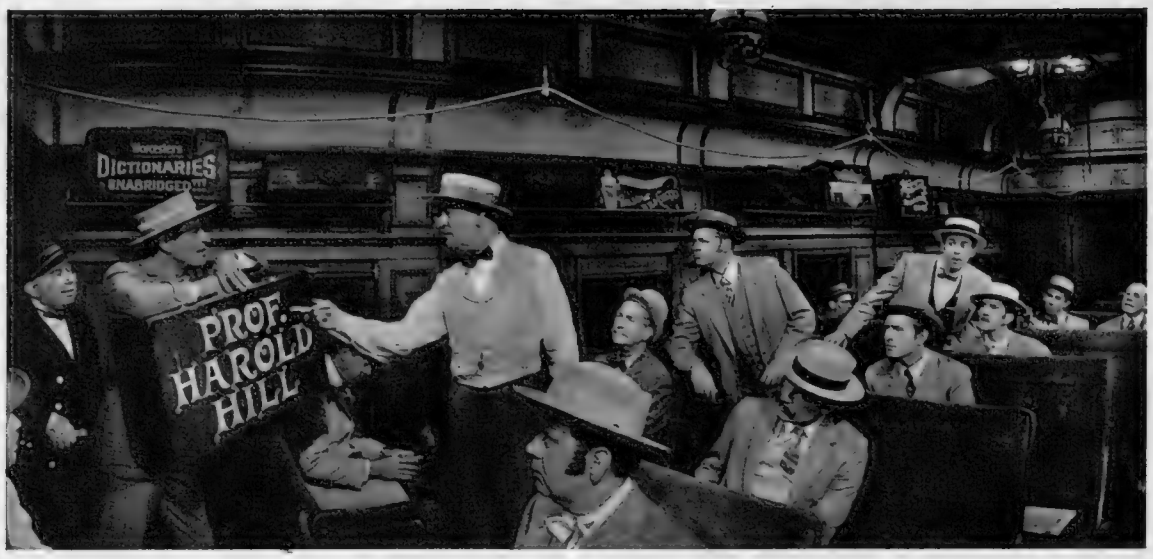
" SHAKESPEARE." I can think of no more entertaining feature for TV than a series of discussions by protagonists on the " true " authorship of the Shakespeare plays. The series could run on, and fill a dull gap, until football is in full swing again. Quite genuinely, I should welcome it and follow it closely. If Mr. Calvin Hoffman opened the ball with Mr. Gibson on the Marlowe issue, there would be a score of willing debaters to press the claims of Bacon, Oxford and the rest, to follow. As a subject, " the authorship " has all the thrills of a whodunit, could spin out as long as " The Franchise Affair " (without portmanteau-ing the procedure) and would supply the public with a great deal of scholarship without tears. The Baconians are always interesting; even in their entertaining and elaborate cyphers, they can turn Watson into Holmes, and their startling parallels are " almost persuasive." But until the series is finished and the TV public has given its verdict, the " man in possession " must be given the rights of any defendant in the dock; he must be considered as innocent until found guilty of impersonation, and be accorded his nine points of the law. He must be described as Shakespeare, not " Shakespeare." The issue must not be pre-judged. Whodunit? Quite possibly, William Shakespeare may prove the villain of the piece.

SIXTH-FORM OPINION. Colonel Blimp, after a careful study of the latest issue of *Sixth Form Opinion* (2s. from 46, Chancery Lane), laid it down and scratched his bald head. The time has come, the old walrus said, to alter many things. *Vice versa* must be re-issued in Penguin form and the parents must go to school while the children take over parental duties. National education has made such progress in a generation that homework for sixth-form teenagers can no longer consist of earning pocket money by odd jobs or doing sums. It must be spent in giving sex-education to their parents who were brought up in ignorance of a vital matter. (It was more by luck than good management that they produced a young family to put them wise.) The teenagers must endeavour to check parental excess in smoking and drinking, discourage nagging, and put their fathers through a rigorous training in driving the family car. It is the age of youth. A man is " too old at forty." " To have reached thirty is to have failed in life." It is out of the mouths of babes and sucklings that wisdom alone can proceed, and the majority of our new vita-glass-chromium secondary schools are ripe for conversion to old peoples' homes. So mused the old walrus, and shed a bitter tear.

SIGNING THE VISITORS' BOOK. One of the rights and privileges of all Her Majesty's subjects in this country and in the Commonwealth is to enter Buckingham Palace by the North door inside the railings and sign their names in the visitors' book kept for that purpose. This privilege is not widely known, and it would be embarrassing to the Court officials if it were so. Indeed, *The Times*, with its wide circulation, was, perhaps, indiscreet to mention it recently. For since modern publicity can make headline news of anything from a cabbage to an English village, there might be a " free-for-all " round the North door, should the railing-peerers exercise their rights: *Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis.* Up to now, the privilege has usually been exercised by old-fashioned, conventional guests following the Queen's garden parties, and not all the names in the book are particularly V.I.P. The Ministers and others who pay routine visits to the Sovereign, do not sign the book. But there it is, open for all to sign, if soberly and decently dressed. Bikinis and jeans will not pass the officer on duty, but morning dress need not reach Ascot standard. I can imagine that curiosity and a touch of emulation might one day build up a queue across the courtyard from the crowd respectfully peering through the railings, and I hesitated to contribute to a publicity which might prove an embarrassment. But Father Jupiter knows best and I cannot be very wrong to follow his lead in recording this interesting privilege.

YOU NEVER CAN TELL. No, sir, you never can tell—at cricket. Who, on Friday evening, June 22, would have wasted a fine Saturday and several pounds to travel up from the country to Lord's to see the Pakistani " rabbits " scuttled out before luncheon? Who would have conceived the possibility that, long before that day's cricket ended, rural cricket fans would curse themselves because they were not there and hold their manhood cheap when any speak (as they will from the TV balcony for years to come) of a day's cricket which will be as immortal in the annals of Lord's as Fowler's Eton and Harrow match. Mercifully science provides a means of seeing the 'ooves of the 'osses through a glass darkly.

THE OLD STAGER



Professor Harold Hill (Robert Preston), the Music Man himself, en route for River City, Iowa

ENTERTAINMENT

THE MUSIC MAN

At the Warner from July 12

The film version of Meredith Willson's hit musical is arriving in London with unprecedented celerity, hard on the heels of the stage version which enjoyed a run in the West End from the spring of last year. Made in wide-screen and Technicolor by Warner Brothers, with all the stops out, the film wisely depends largely on the talents that were responsible for its long run on Broadway. The producer and director is Morton DaCosta, and the leading role is played by Robert Preston.

Set with loving nostalgia in the Mid-West just before the First World War, *The Music Man* is the story of a modern pied piper, a travelling salesman in brass bands. His career is a confidence trick. By tricking the simple farming community of River City into buying instruments and uniforms for a boys' band (though he cannot read or play a note of music), he is confident and charming enough to bring an excitement and gaiety the town has never known. The success of Meredith Willson's score, lyrics and book is based on an exuberant defence of the American myths of the value of salesmanship, the niceness of all children and the goodness of the old way of life. Directed, acted and sung with a high gloss of professionalism, the film is more convincing than the London stage version. The children, including a small boy who lisps, the love story and the eccentric minor characters are, if not credible, enjoyable. The film's exuberance and panache are epitomised in Robert Preston's performance.

Jolyon Wimhurst

Harold converts the School Board into a singing quartet (played by the Buffalo Bills)

Marian, the Librarian (Shirley Jones), leads her readers in a dance round the library, having forgotten herself under the charm of the Music Man

A pied piper in the high school gym at River City, the Music Man leads the children in a dance celebrating the magic of big brass bands

Juvenile leads—Tommy (Timmy Everett) and Zaneeta (Susan Luckey)

Mrs. Squires (Mary Wickes), left, and Marcellus (Buddy Hackett)

Below: The bumbling and suspicious minded Mayor Shinn (Paul Ford) and his wife, Eulalie (Hermione Gingold), lecture Harold Hill, who has aroused their fears that he is perpetrating a fraud. **Right:** Leading the final triumphant parade are Marian and Harold Hill

THE VOICE OF THE COMMO

AUSTRALIA

Important new projects in mapping the Continent

Mapmakers from the Australian Army Survey Section working in Australia's Gulf of Carpentaria country last year discovered where the ill-fated Burke and Wills expedition made its northernmost camp when, a hundred years ago, it crossed the continent from south to north for the first time. The mapmakers found a tree carved with the initials R. B. and W. W. and the date 1861, and concluded that this was where Robert O'Hara Burke and William John Wills had spent their last night before, having sighted the sea which lapped the northern shores of Australia, they turned back, later to die of starvation. The spot was about 60 miles west of Normanton, near the Bynoe River. After a century the mapmakers of today thus met in spirit with the mapmakers of yesterday—a good illustration that the exploration of Australia is still incomplete. The Burke and Wills expedition was only one of a number of exploratory expeditions that followed the discovery of the east coast of Australia by Captain Cook in 1770 and the first actual settlement by Europeans in 1788. Tasman, Cook, Bass, Flinders, Blaxland, Oxley, Sturt, Eyre, Leichhardt, Kennedy, Stuart, Forrest and almost innumerable others made their contributions to the knowledge of the 12,000-mile coastline of the continent and of what lay beyond it —the 2,974,581 square miles of flood plains, rain-forests, mountains and semi-deserts which are now the homeland of 10,500,000 people.

The Army Survey Section, whose track cut across the old route of Burke and Wills, spent three-and-a-half months in this area, mapping on the spot 600,000 square miles of country some half of which had never been mapped before. The mapmakers penetrated some of Australia's loneliest areas and in some places were supplied with food and water by helicopter. Their work is part of a project extending over two years to survey these northern areas and establish control points to link with a general survey extending from Western Australia to Queensland. The services, Federal and State authorities have all played a part in this vast mapping plan, part of which is for defence purposes and part is a basis for minerals, soil use and water supply surveys concerned in development projects. The demands of industry and other developments call for the production of ever more detailed and accurate maps.

The mapping of a continent of nearly 3,000,000 square miles is a tremendous task. The first State Surveyors-General in Australia realised the necessity of geodetic control—the keying of surveys made in every part of the continent with each other and the rest of the world—but immediate problems and policies forced this work to some extent into the background. Even after Federation little was done on a national basis, but the Australian Army began mapping operations in 1908, and over the last half-century mapping generally has gained impetus, particularly under the pressure of the requirements of the armed services during two wars. Mapping activity today, particularly in the geodetic field and in resources survey, is of unprecedented scope, since if Australia's economic expansion is to continue, all natural resources must be put to maximum use. Among other examples, the development of automation in air navigation demands the utmost accuracy in the positioning of ground controls in every part of the inhabited world.

Three classes of surveys are being carried out in Australia today —geodetic and topographical, those related to national resources, and those prepared for specific projects. The authorities whose officers are

Assembling a photomosaic at the Division of National Mapping in Canberra. The Division works under the Department of National Development, the authority which is responsible for the co-ordination of the mapping programme in Australia

working on the surveys are the Division of Mapping, the Survey Corps of the Australian Army, the Lands and Survey Branch of the Department of the Interior, and the Department of Lands in each State of the Australian Commonwealth. Some governmental instrumentalities also have their own survey branches, and private organisations, too, are busy producing surveys and maps for their own special purposes. All these organisations employ the most advanced mapmaking methods and equipment.

Co-ordination of mapping by all authorities was achieved with the formation in 1945 of the National Mapping Council. This today consists of the Director of National Mapping as chairman, the Director of the Survey Corps, the Hydrographer of the Royal Australian Navy, and the Federal and State Surveyors-General. In each State the Department of Lands is the mapping authority, in four States the Surveyor-General being the sole co-ordinator while in two others special committees work under the Surveyor-General's chairmanship. In the Federal sphere the Department of National Development is the authority for co-ordinating

A mirrored stereoscope is used for interpreting air photographs. **Centre:** A stereo plotting machine in Melbourne. **Right:** Plotting a map from air photographs in Canberra

WEALTH

Federal and State mapping, with the Division of National Mapping as the active agent. The Division itself carries out part of the Federal mapping programme and arranges for portions to be carried out by the Survey Corps, by State authorities on a partial reimbursement basis, and by private enterprise under contract.

The Federal authority normally concentrates on 1:250,000 scale mapping and smaller scales whereas the States carry out what is known as " cadastral " mapping (for measuring property in land), large-scale topographic mapping and standard mapping at 1:63,360 and larger scales. In the geodetic field Federal activity has been largely concentrated on the long connecting chains, and the States have attended to controls in their own areas, particularly where future intensive mapping is likely to be required. The National Mapping Council has made overall projections and sheet boundaries and adopted national standards for surveys, air photography and mapping. As a result of this intensive national effort, Australia is now progressing towards a full knowledge and development of its physical environment.

NEW ZEALAND

Methods of resolving problems raised by full employment

" The existence of full employment in a country, and widespread confidence in the continuation of such a condition, raises new problems in the field of industrial relations which, unless they are solved, may destroy the very basis upon which full employment has been built." So said the New Zealand Minister of Labour, Mr. T. P. Shand, in a speech at the forty-sixth session of the International Labour Organisation conference taking place at Geneva.

" I claim some right to speak of this particular problem, for we in New Zealand have had the experience, I believe unique, of having had ' full employment ' in the most literal sense of the words, ever since the end of the war in 1945. Only for one brief period of weeks since 1950 has the number of those unemployed and actively seeking employment risen above one-tenth of 1 per cent. of the working population. Despite this apparent success we are well aware that our wage structure has played some substantial part in other economic difficulties which at this moment beset us."

Mr. Shand said it seemed to him that there were three approaches to the problem of machinery for the determination of wages.

" The first is that we should abandon any thought that we can in fact maintain full employment as a matter of public policy," he said. " To accept that, it may be necessary from time to time to take steps to correct exchange imbalances which will reduce the purchasing power of the community and therefore inevitably the level of employment. Such a thought is, to say the least, unpalatable. To adopt this as a matter of policy would be to confess that all the optimistic talk about full employment is unreal.

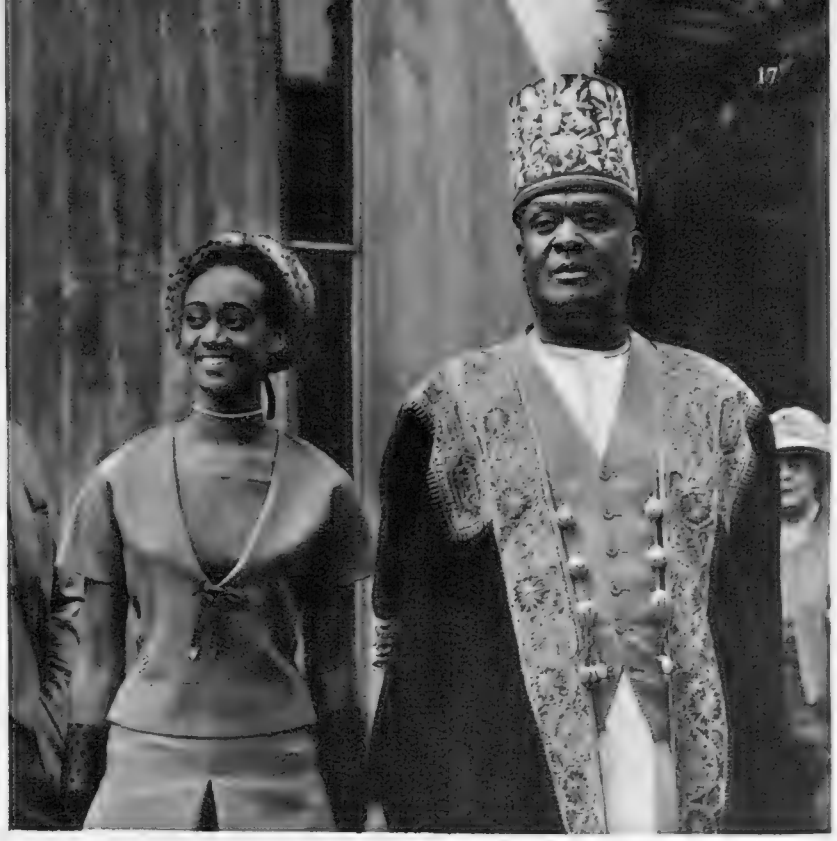
" The second approach is that the Government should direct what wages and salary should be paid in industry. To all of us who have been brought up in the democratic tradition such an approach is a negation of one of the first principles of democracy, and its adoption would be a confession of failure of far greater significance even than would be a reversion to periods of sharp unemployment dictated by the need for economic readjustment.

" The third course, one which it would be natural for us to follow, is to strengthen the procedure for negotiation between representatives of employers and employees, to encourage and assist both sides, employers and employees alike, in building up a knowledge and understanding of the problem they are dealing with, and the far-reaching consequence of failure to reach right decisions. I am confident that we can succeed in this providing the economist can devise more satisfactory criteria by which we may judge from time to time whether changes are justified, either in the general wage level or in respect of particular classes of employment.

" In New Zealand we have experienced full productive employment over more than a decade to an extent not previously contemplated by the most ardent exponents of this theory. We have experienced and are experiencing difficulties, but the amazing feature is not their extent but their limitation.

" I call the attention of this assembly to our problems in the hope, first, that many other countries are about to experience this *embarras de richesses* and, secondly, that early study by the expert staff of this great organisation may ensure that ' full productive employment,' once attained, may be maintained."

The items in " The Voice of the Commonwealth " are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of " The Sphere "



The Omukama of Tomo, one of the hereditary rulers of Uganda, is with his daughter, Princess Elizabeth, at Buckingham Palace after having received his knighthood

Members of the Pakistani cricket team, touring England, are photographed in London before leaving for Buckingham Palace to be received by the Queen and Prince Philip

BOOK REVIEW

Reactions of Central African electors voting for the first time

Democracy in the emergent nations in the Commonwealth is undergoing a stage of development as interesting as it underwent in England after the Reform Bill of 1832. We do not know enough about how people react to having a vote for the first time, about the atmosphere in elections, or about the growth of political organisation. Any literature on this subject is welcome, whether it be fictional, like V. S. Naipaul's *Suffrage of Elvira* (a brilliant comic narrative of elections in Trinidad), or factual, like Lucy Mair's THE NYASALAND ELECTIONS OF 1961 (University of London, The Athlone Press. 18s.).

This rates highly in the small library of detailed pieces of Commonwealth psephology. Historians of English elections in the nineteenth century would value such a professional approach, written with such scholarly accuracy. Miss Mair visited Nyasaland at the time of the election in 1961 and this is her first-hand report. After describing the Constitutional background, she " Namierises " the parties and the candidates, and concludes with a description of the party manifestoes, the campaign and the victory of Dr. Banda's Malawi Party.

Written in restrained style, as befits an academic work, Miss Mair provides much absorbing detail, particularly in her account of the registration. For example: " Some people were baffled by being asked what their sex was, a question to which they had always supposed the answer to be self-evident; more found difficulty in the declaration that they were not under allegiance to a foreign Power, a question which they are not likely to have contemplated before."

The author is scrupulously impartial in her observation. Only at the end does she venture the cautious judgment that " The attitude of higher-roll voters does not always support the view that they are capable of exercising more responsible judgment in political matters than their fellow citizens, except in the restricted sense of the word ' responsible ' to mean ' conservative.' "

The band leads cadets to Church Parade. In the background is H.M.S. *Worcester*

H.M.S. WORCESTER

An important centenary in the training of Britain's Merchant Navy officers

Photographs by Ian Ball

There are three famous colleges in Britain which train boys to become officers in the Merchant Navy: H.M.S. *Conway*, Pangbourne and H.M.S. *Worcester*, to name them in alphabetical order. Of these, *Worcester* is the only one in which cadets live and train on board ship. This has many advantages. Perhaps the most important is that cadets get the feel of shipboard life at an early age. Another benefit for them is that their ship is moored in the Thames off Greenhithe, which is a good vantage point for observing ships of all nations using the Port of London, and the London Docks themselves are easily accessible.

The Thames Nautical Training College, to give *Worcester* her academic appellation, was founded 100 years ago, " for the purpose of educating and training sons of Gentlemen to become officers in the Merchant Navy." To mark the centenary the Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, will visit *Worcester* on July 18. Her Majesty will present the Sovereign's Gold Medal, instituted by Queen Victoria, for the cadet showing the qualities likely to make the finest sailor, and the other annual prizes.

The present ship is the third of her name. The first lasted until 1876 when she was superseded by the warship *Frederick William*, which was renamed *Worcester* and continued as a training ship until the last war. The third was taken over in 1945. She had formerly been T.S. *Exmouth*, a training ship for boy seamen, built in the early

(*Continued on page 20*)

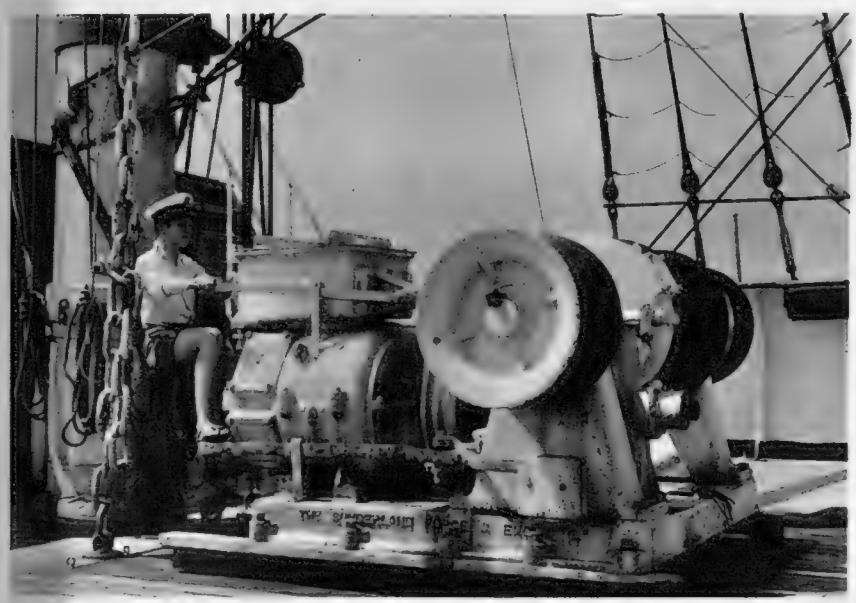
Senior Badge Cadet J. L. Taylor engaged in "shooting the sun"

Senior Badge Cadet P. R. Ginzler takes a horizontal sextant angle

Sunday Divisions on H.M.S. *Worcester*, the Merc
is marking the centenary of its foundation durin

Officer of the Watch, Senior Badge Cadet A. M. M. Hill

Mr. McAllister, the Bo'sun, demonstrates rigging on a model



The main derrick winch on the deck of H.M.S. *Worcester* is operated by Senior Badge Cadet A. M. M. Hill

In the wheelhouse are, from left to right: Cadets K. D. Broderick, R. T. Foskett, D. W. Milnes and S. P. Verner

ship of the Thames Nautical Training College, which is anchored in the River Thames, off Greenhithe, in Kent

Sailing is a popular form of recreation among the cadets. Three of them leave the boom in their sailing-boat and head across the river to the north bank

A history class is in progress in H.M.S. *Worcester* under Mr. L. Lockhart

Cadets D. W. Milnes and K. D. Broderick use the echo-sounder

Cadet Rowlandson sends a message by semaphore. Cadet Yipp, from Malaya, is ready to note the reply. **Above right:** Yipp is signalling with an Aldis lamp. Rowlandson takes down the reply

Cadet Verner uses the Decca navigator

H.M.S. WORCESTE

(*Continued from previous page*)

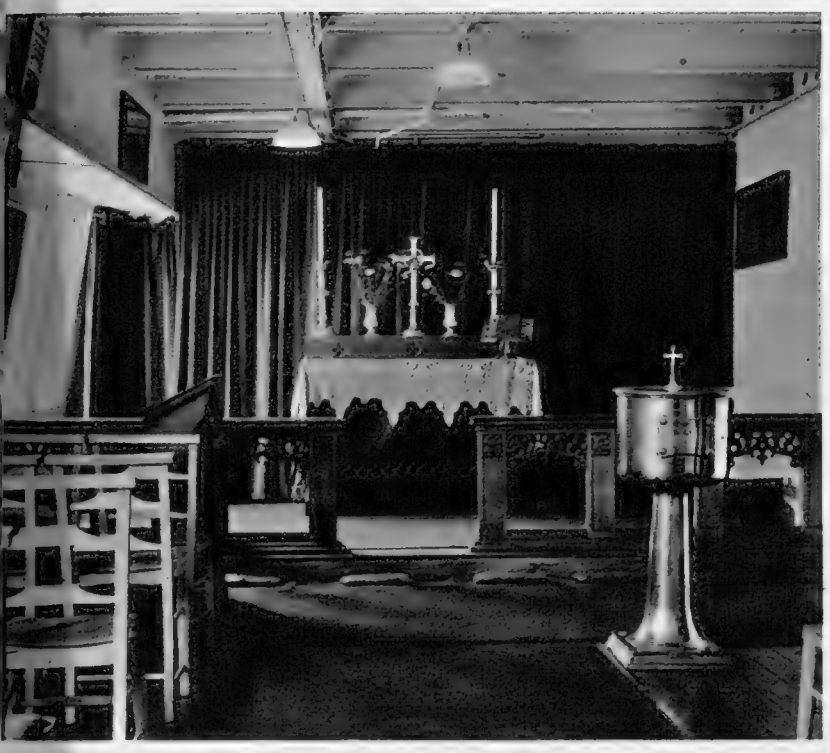
years of this century. Extensive modernisation to meet present day requirements has been carried out in her since she became *Worcester*. She has a clear upper-deck of 160 ft. and four enclosed decks. A new bridge closely resembles that of a seagoing ship and a new science laboratory has been opened.

The complement today is 250 cadets. Boys enter at about the age of thirteen-and-a-half and take a course lasting from three to four years. They receive a good general education and instruction in specialised subjects necessary for training.

During his time in *Worcester* a cadet will be engaged in numerous duties involving seamanship. The routine boats between ship and shore are manned by cadets. The use of power-boats is kept to a minimum because pulling in all weathers and in tides of up to 3½ knots provides great experience in seamanship and self-reliance. Physical fitness is essential for a career at sea and sports are encouraged to the full. All cadets are taught to swim and attain Royal Life Saving qualifications.

H.M.S. *Worcester* has every reason to be proud of her record over a century. Ninety-eight per cent. of her cadets go to sea in major British shipping lines and every effort is made to place them in the shipping companies of their own choice.

Mr. McAllister, the Bo'sun, shows a junior cadet how to tie a bowline round himself before going over the side



The chapel. Religion plays an important part in the life of the ship

Waves are created in the swimming-bath for others to swim through

Tipping the bucket on Sports Day

Cadet J. R. D. Peterkin hits out in a Second XI match against St. Olave's School. **Below left:** The start of a track event, the Senior 220 yards, on Sports Day. From the left are: Cadet Whitfield (partially in photograph), Senior badge Cadet H. T. A. Trull, Cadet Captain C. C. Garner, Cadet C. Southard and Cadet R. M. T. Mitchell. **Below right:** A hard haul in a tug-of-war

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

TEA AT THE BIRD FARM

Sitting on the terrace, with a long, long view over an empty countryside, it was difficult indeed to believe that I was only some fourteen miles from Charing Cross. Eating that tea, it was difficult to believe that I was in England and in the middle of the twentieth century.

That tea . . . I shall remember it for a very long time to come. It was not a post-war tea at all. Come to think of it, it was not even a post-World War I tea at all. To begin with, it was served on a white damask table-cloth. I do not know what sort of circles you move in, but I do know that it is a very long time since I saw a white damask table-cloth on a tea-table. The teapot, the hot-water jug, the milk jug, the sugar bowl, all were silver.

I have seen silver on a tea-table. We have been known, under stress, to produce it ourselves. What a bother it is! You fish it out of a cupboard—or go and search for it in an attic—and when you find it, it is tarnished, if not actually green, and then you have to rub like mad. But this was not silver like that. This was silver that was used every day for tea, visitors or no: you do not get that glisten with one frantic, last-minute rub.

There was thin bread and butter, so thin that it melted in the mouth; and delicate sandwiches, and the most luscious home-made cakes. And a maid in uniform, and English at that; not an import, over here to learn the language and God-help-the-china. I was, for an hour or so, back in Edwardian England.

Who gave me this memorable tea? Two bachelors: E. J. Boosey and Alec Brooksbank. They own and manage a foreign bird farm: and it was the bird farm I went to see. The tea was a wholly unexpected bonus at the end of one of the most fascinating afternoons I have spent in years: an afternoon so far removed from the crazy bustle of modern life that I might have walked through Carroll's looking-glass.

The Keston Foreign Bird Farm is the only one of its kind in the world: and is famous all over the world. There are plenty of people keeping foreign birds on a fairly large scale to supply the retail pet trade from stock. But these people are simply importers of birds, wholesalers of birds. At Keston they breed birds. It is primarily a breeding establishment, and it is for this reason that it is not open to the general public for casual inspection: you cannot pay at the gate and then wander around as you please, as you can at so many places.

Here they breed birds that you will see nowhere else in the world; at least, in breeding pairs. For this you need quiet. They are so expert at this very specialised business that they have collected a large number of gold medals for the first breeding in captivity of a large assortment of exotic birds: for example, Blue Ringneck Parrakeets, the Blue-fronted Amazon Parrot, the Cuban Amazon Parrot, the Chestnut-and-Black Warbling Finch, the Grenadier Waxbill, and so on. At this farm they originated, by carefully-worked-out matings, the Yellow Red-rump and the Rainbow and the Golden-faced Rainbow Budgerigar. I also saw a Lutino Plumhead Parrakeet, a mutation and the only known example in the world; a distinction which, in these expert hands, it is unlikely, I feel, to hold for long.

But, if primarily a breeding establishment run by dedicated aviculturists, this is also a commercial enterprise. Rare birds are sent all over the world, but particularly to Japan and the United States, at prices that made me blink. By the way, you can send a bird to New York by air quicker than you can send one by rail from Bromley to Harrow: scarcely an advertisement for British Railways. But rare birds alone would not be enough to keep a place like this going. It requires a considerable staff, for thousands of birds take some feeding and some have rather special tastes, like honey and sponge cake. There is a resident carpenter and an office staff, and somebody has to take customers round. So the main turnover is in small birds; finches, waxbills, budgerigars, and so on.

How did this all start? It began at a Chelsea cocktail party. Mr. Boosey was tired of working in the family music publishing firm, Mr. Brooksbank was tired of the stage; both were keen on birds. They decided to breed birds; to make, if possible, their hobby pay. That was back in 1927, long before keeping birds became fashionable, long before there was a boom in budgerigars. It must have taken great courage to give up good careers for so hazardous a hobby as breeding exotic birds; considerable optimism to believe that it would ever pay.

It would never have paid had these two not got, in addition to a great love of birds, a deeply expert knowledge of them. I do not know that they foresaw the boom—I suspect not—but I fancy that they may have had a good deal to do with starting it: not deliberately, but just because enthusiasm is so infectious.

At any rate, there is a boom in small birds generally, but especially in budgerigars. I am told (I will not vouch for the figure) that some 7,000,000 people in this country keep budgerigars. Be that as it may, there are 30,000 budgerigars at Keston! You walk down a long, steep drive and into a Dawn Chorus magnified 1,000 times: you spend the afternoon amidst a melodious and continuous twitter. Yet so soon does the human ear become accustomed, in an hour or two you are barely aware of the twittering (you have to listen for it) and it is only the unusual sounds which strike the ear—the wonderful song of the Shama, an Indian bird which rivals the nightingale and which, at Keston, is at liberty in the garden throughout the summer, or the raucous protest of a parrot.

What, in this drab world, the human does not so easily become accustomed to is colour. I do not know how many colour varieties of budgerigar there are—more than sixty, I believe, and quite a few have been developed at this farm—but I do know that when you see all these many colours mixed together, 800 or more at a time in huge outdoor aviaries, flitting from perch to perch, sitting in massed rows, in the brilliant sunshine, the eye is dazzled and the sight not soon forgotten.

I know that when my ship comes home—it has been at sea for an awful long time!—I am going to have the largest possible outdoor aviary filled with as many differently-coloured budgerigars as I can get. I am determined to end my days in a colourful twitter.

Watching Caterham's home game against Hurstpierpoint in the pleasant surroundings of the playing-fields in front of the school

R. Maclear (Hurstpierpoint) gets the ball through the slips

The Caterham XI take the field

Hurstpierpoint go out to field

PUBLIC SCHOOLS CRICKET

CATERHAM v. HURSTPIERPOINT

R. Y. Wilmot (Hurstpierpoint) is run out

R. Whittaker (Caterham)

Cricket matches between Caterham School, in Surrey, and Hurstpierpoint College began in 1931. Of the twenty-nine games played, Hurstpierpoint have won thirteen and Caterham eleven. This year's was a draw, the first since 1944. The visitors, Hurstpierpoint, won the toss and chose to bat, but lost the wickets of their captain, G. C. Williams, R. Maclear and P. W. Green with only 16 runs on the board. A fourth-wicket partnership of 50 between D. Bardega and J. S. Beard saved the day for the visitors, and the later batsmen found runs easy to come by. Hurstpierpoint reached a total of 216.

The home team were left 2¾ hours to make the runs but never managed quite to keep up with the clock. R. Whittaker, J. D. Strange and E. G. Walker, the captain, all made runs. After Walker was out to a remarkable catch at forward short leg by R. Y. Wilmot, Caterham concentrated on saving the game. A long spell of leg-break bowling by J. N. Hall was supported by good ground fielding and Caterham never looked like getting on top. The match ended in a draw, with Caterham at 147 for eight.

Left : J. Starling (Hurstpierpoint) is bowled by J. R. Lockwood for 0. **Below:** J. R. Lockwood bowling. He was making his debut in the Caterham first XI and took 6 for 49

GABOR DENES

YACHTING

About a year ago there were widespread rumours that the registration of yachts and the introduction of " driving licences " for yachtsmen, including dinghy helmsmen and the " drivers " of outboard runabouts, were inevitable and only a matter of time. Questions were asked on this subject in the House, mainly concerned with safety on the water. The same subject exercised the minds of such organisations as R.O.S.P.A. (Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents) and the S.B.B.N.F. (Ship and Boat Builders National Federation), whose members make or supply nearly all the boats and equipment used by the ever-growing number of people taking up boating in one form or other.

I understand that the Ministry of Transport investigated the question of what should be done in the way of introducing some form of control to ensure greater safety. It looked as if it was sooner or later to come to registration, and the feeling was that taxation of boats was not far removed from any registration or issuing of licences, if only to meet the cost of the necessary organisation. The Royal Yachting Association, alive to the danger of restrictions and regimentation, was determined to do everything in its power to avert such a calamity. It suggested to the Government department concerned that the R.Y.A. in concert with other interested bodies could evolve a scheme to improve the standard of seamanship and increase safety. The result is that we are not to have Government registration or certification. The work is to be left to voluntary effort.

After several months labour by a working party consisting of yachting, sailing school and safety interests, the R.Y.A. is about to announce the scheme, which is to take effect from the beginning of next year. Under the scheme the R.Y.A. is to have complete control over the various instruction facilities for sailing and small power boats, and the issuing of certificates of competency to pupils. No sailing school will be recognised and registered by the R.Y.A. without a full investigation of its suitability in every respect.

The character and experience of the principals, the equipment available, the qualifications of the instructors will be looked into. A syllabus has been worked out for Basic Dinghy Sailing and Elementary Seamanship, and this is to be followed by the schools. Other simpler requirements are laid down for training pupils in the handling of power boats (of the runabout type). Schools will be inspected by R.Y.A. representatives, who will see that the establishments come up to standard, that their craft are sound and suitable for training, and that (in the case of sailing boats, presumably) the ratio of pupils to instructor in any one boat does not exceed 3:1.

For those who have completed the course at such approved schools, two kinds of certificates will be available for the time being. They will be issued by the R.Y.A. on application from the school concerned: a certificate of competency in the handling of powerboats, and a certificate of attendance in respect of instruction received in the handling of sailing dinghies. Only by keeping the strictest control over the efficiency of the approved sailing schools will these certificates maintain their value, and the intention of the R.Y.A. is to ensure this by reserving the right to withdraw recognition at any time at its own discretion. It appears that it will be very nearly impossible for a sailing school to function unless it is recognised by the R.Y.A.

The new U.S. contender for the defence of the America's Cup, *Nefertiti*, hoists her spinnaker to test its fittings during trials off Marblehead, Massachusetts. It was the first time the *Nefertiti* hoisted her own spinnaker—on previous trials she used a borrowed sail

Competitors in the 5·5-metre world championships in Poole Bay start in one of the races. Overall winner of the championship was *Complex III*, the American yacht sailed by Dr. B. Chance. Second was *John B.*, sailed by R. H. Symonette of the Bahamas

In play on the green of the 515-yard-long ninth hole

Mrs. M. Hayes and Mrs. P. Blain

Situated on the East Anglian coast, in a stretch of fine golfing country between the River Hun and the sea, Hunstanton Golf Club, to the north of the town of the same name, is one of England's finest championship seaside courses. In 1960, Hunstanton saw an epic final of the English Close Amateur Championship when D. H. Sewell beat M. J. Christmas at the 41st hole. The club was formed in 1891. Since then improvements have been continually carried out to make the holes a real test of the golfer's ability. The course is in a region of sand dunes and affords fine views of the sea. Typical of Hunstanton is the opening hole of 347 yards, with a drive that has to carry a chasm of sandy ground and a sand bunker. Length of the course is 6,701 yards, S.S.S. 73.

BRITAIN'S GREAT GOLF CLUBS

HUNSTANTON

Next in this series will be Aldeburgh Golf Club, Suffolk, in the issue of July 14

Mrs. B. T. F. Carrick watches her shot from the tee. Looking on are the club professional, John Carter; Mr. B. T. F. Carrick; and Mr. John Carrick. **Centre:** The club professional. **Right:** Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Hampson and Mr. H. C. Ratcliffe, the secretary. **Below left:** Another view of the ninth green. **Below right:** The 164-yard seventh hole

BOOKS

LITERARY ODYSSEYS

Henry Miller's travels in the U.S.; journeys to Scotland and in Australia; and this week's fiction

Mr. Henry Miller is an American: this is a simple statement of a fact which has caused both him and his admirers a good deal of bewilderment from time to time. For Mr. Miller not only lived in Europe, particularly in Paris, for years: he was a part of the world of letters on our side of the Atlantic and an important part. When he went back to the United States in 1939 feeling " the need to effect a reconciliation with my native land," as he puts it, he set out on a series of voyages of discovery and re-discovery which were to occupy much of the following three years and to take him from his birthplace of New York, " the most horrible place on God's earth," back and forth across the States. The result, or one of them, is his book, THE AIR-CONDITIONED NIGHTMARE (Heinemann. 30s.), which is much more than a travelogue and nearer to being an intellectually stimulating odyssey, written by one of the most exciting writers now using the English language.

HIGHLAND HERITAGE (Collins. 15s.) is the story of a Canadian writer's journey to her ancestral Scotland, searching for the places associated with her own and many other widely scattered clans. Miss Grace Campbell's travelling had, in a sense, a motive of family piety and it is a mood of sincere loyalty and affection that animates her book and gives it the unity which not every book of this kind, with its many, many records of visits and snippets of family history, can hope to possess. The illustrations, incidentally, from the magnificent sweep of the coloured photograph on the cover, to the smallest sketch map, are admirably chosen.

Sydney Harbour, the goldfields, the outback, kangaroos, a harsh accent and, possibly, koala bears. These are automatically the things of which the untravelled think if someone mentions Australia. Or used to think, perhaps, since the last few years have produced so many excellent travel books, biographies and novels with an Australian setting. In the first category comes Mr. G. M. Glaskin's THE LAND THAT SLEEPS (Barrie and Rockliff. 25s.), the story of an adventurous journey which the author took through the virgin west of Australia, from his home in Perth up to the pearl-fishing town of Broome, north-east to Darwin (which I once heard an airline steward—Australian—refer to as " the hub of civilisation "), and south through some of the worst country in the world, from a traveller's point of view, to Alice Springs, affectionately known as The Alice. This is a remarkable and even exciting book; full of information about the strange country itself, about its pioneers, and about its present degree of development.

TRACKS OF DESTINY (Angus and Robertson. 21s.), by that chronicler of the Australian scene, Mr. Ion L. Idriess, deals with a gold rush, in which the author took an active part, during the early 1930's. More significantly, in many ways, the book also traces the change in transport methods during the past three decades and includes some superb photographs of camel wagons, donkey trains, primitive lorries and very small aeroplanes, besides views of the tiny watering creeks and minuscule " camps " in which miners, policemen, priests or telegraph operators have had to work. Very good value altogether, and written in a pleasantly discursive and friendly style.

Photograph by Anthony Crickmay

SEAN CONNERY AND RUTH MEYERS as Holofernes and Judith in Christopher Fry's translation of Giraudoux's play, *Judith*, at Her Majesty's, Haymarket

And so to the novels of the same country, beginning with Mr. John Naish's THE CRUEL FIELD (Hutchinson. 16s.), which takes us to the other side of the continent and to the hard world of the canefields of Queensland. Mr. Naish writes from actual experience of this life, since he still cuts cane for some months of the season and devotes the rest of his time to writing. Certainly, he has been able to convey the heat, the violent effort, the quarrels, the drinking and the occasional moments of companionship very vividly indeed, and his book takes one a further step inside that strange, southern world.

THE YOUNG WIFE (Macmillan. 18s.), Mr. David Martin's story of a Cypriot girl arriving in Melbourne to marry a Greek already established there, illustrates another facet of Australian life—the new Australians, of whom the author himself is one. Sympathetic and most readable. Miss Nancy Phelan's novel, THE RIVER AND THE BROOK (Macmillan. 16s.), is set in Manly, that well-known suburb of Sydney, where the beach, the breakers and the lifeguards have become familiar to us through newsreel photographs. Miss Phelan, however, is preoccupied with other matters and writes in the main about the position of women in a community such as this, whether they are mothers torn between duty to daughters and their own creative urges, or delinquent girls, neglected and turning too easily to prostitution, or simply bored, adolescent girls whose future seems formless. Evocative of a place, a climate and a society.

It has fallen to Lowell Thomas, a deep admirer of the late Sir Hubert Wilkins, one of the greatest explorers of our time, to set down his life story. Lowell Thomas first heard of Wilkins after the First World War, when this young Australian with a thirst for adventure received the commendation of Sir John Monash, the Australian C.-in-C., who likened Wilkins to Lawrence of Arabia, and praised him for his dash and leadership. Thereafter Lowell Thomas and Hubert Wilkins were in constant contact, and flowing from that happy association across half a lifetime is a magnificent portrait of this happy wanderer, who went on a dozen or more expeditions, frequently as leader, and numerous flights, not least the epic crossing of the Arctic from Alaska to Spitzbergen. SIR HUBERT WILKINS: HIS WORLD OF ADVENTURE (Arthur Barker. 25s.) is in some ways a surprising story. It almost deserves the title of " The Quiet Australian," for this man possessed a serenity of spirit one would expect to find only in one who led a contemplative life.

Leonard Mosley, another writer who has a hero to extol, this time a New Zealander, is the author of FACES FROM THE FIRE (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 25s.). This is the biography of Sir Archibald McIndoe. In four years of war he performed no fewer than 4,500 plastic surgical operations, giving new faces, new life and hope indeed, to young airmen who had been burned. As the author rightly says: " Almost everything about Archie McIndoe is unforgettable."

THREE KNIGHTS

New biographies of Hubert Wilkins, Archibald McIndoe and Archibald Bodkin

Robert Jackson's life of Sir Archibald Bodkin, one of the most famous counsel of his day, is a full-blooded affair, with many of the notorious criminals of the first quarter of the twentieth century coming under his merciless cross-examination. CASE FOR THE PROSECUTION (Arthur Barker. 25s. (reveals a man of unsparing conscientiousness and accuracy, an upright public servant. But to meet him personally was to discover a genial, bustling personality.

A number of finely-illustrated books call for attention this week, among them a symposium of the work of Matthew Smith, with a foreword by Sir Philip Hendy, Director of the National Gallery. His work is characterised by both power and richness and these fifty-two plates in colour present a fair cross-section of it. MATTHEW SMITH (Allen and Unwin. 63s.) is the record of a man truly driven forward by the compulsion to paint, and one notes in the later works at any rate a truly masterly assurance.

James Lees-Milne provides the introduction to BAROQUE EUROPE (Batsford. 63s.), latest volume in the *Buildings in Europe* series. A wealth of first-rate photographs gives this volume enormous range as we gaze on the " architecture of pleasure " as it developed in many cities in several European lands. It is strange to what a degree Baroque art came to be despised in the late nineteenth century compared with the generous acknowledgement it enjoys today. ROMANESQUE SCULPTURE (Batsford. 50s.) is a new volume in the European Sculpture series. The introduction is by Hans Weigert, who shows how the sculpture of this period was an anticipation of the art of the future; that within it were contained all the elements of later styles. Here again superb illustrations accompany the text.

In SALUTE THE MOUNTAINS (Harrap. 45s.), Walter Pause describes a hundred walks in the Alps. This is a book written from the heart, and yet wonderfully practical in its descriptions, maps and illustrations. The volume is based on the theory that no walker need do any serious climbing, and the only real requirements are that he or she be properly shod and equipped, and be physically fit.

Kenneth Richmond's BIRDS IN BRITAIN (Odhams. 30s.) is a practical guide to identification, habitats, and behaviour. Well-selected illustrations in colour and half-tone are the keynote to this comprehensive volume.

Richard Edmonds

What a far leap it is from the New South Wales of Miss Phelan's characters to Mr. Anthony Powell's London in THE KINDLY ONES (Heinemann. 18s.). This is the concluding volume of the sequence called *The Music of Time*. Mr. Powell's latest novel is thoroughly enjoyable on its own separate merits. The reader would, though, relish its humour, its subtlety and its extraordinarily acute picture of a kind of English life all the more for having read its predecessors. Mr. Powell is a gentle satirist but a brilliant one, and his excellence of wit is blessedly consistent.

THE ROSE OF TIBET (Gollancz. 18s.) provides yet another contrast: an adventure story by Mr. Lionel Davidson and a superbly-told, fast-moving one. The period is 1950, just before the Chinese invasion of Tibet. News comes to London that the members of an English film unit have been killed by an avalanche in the Himalayas and a brother of one of the men goes out to India to get official confirmation of their deaths. For a number of reasons, this seems almost impossible, but the brother's problem takes a different and, as it turns out, an infinitely dangerous turn when he hears from a young Sherpa that at least four of the Englishmen have been seen alive months after their supposed deaths. Mr. Davidson has produced a thrilling and absorbing story, worthy of a latter-day Rider Haggard.

" There is nothing in this book," writes Mr. Robert Ruark of his immense new novel, UHURU (Hamish Hamilton. 25s.), " which has not happened, is not happening or will not happen in the near future." Mr. Ruark has written about the Kenya of today with " uhuru "—freedom—on every lip, and some of the consequences that follow the different interpretations of that mighty word. In *Something of Value* this author gave us a magnificent book about Kenya during the Mau Mau terror. I would say that his new book measures up to that in stature, in passionate honesty and, once again, in compulsive readability. It is a terrific book and it will teach you more about Kenya than a dozen visits.

The thriller of the week is Mr. Russell Kirk's gothic extravaganza (strongly recommended), OLD HOUSE OF FEAR (Gollancz. 16s.), which has a background of the Western Isles and more than its share of suspense.

Vernon Fane

SYNONYMS AND SENSES

" The present Work is intended to supply with respect to the English language, a desideratum hitherto unsupplied in any language; namely, a collection of the words it contains and of the idiomatic combinations peculiar to it, arranged not in alphabetical order, as they are in a Dictionary, but according to the *ideas* which they express." So wrote Peter Mark Roget in the introduction to the original edition in 1852 of his THESAURUS OF ENGLISH WORDS AND PHRASES. This introduction is republished in the opening pages of the new edition of the classic work, completely revised and modernised by Robert A. Dutch (Longmans. 30s.). A thesaurus is a collection of synonyms. A dictionary a work of definition. As Mr. Dutch stresses, the one cannot displace the other. They are complementary. In his own prefatory remarks he gives a splendid example of how not to use a thesaurus.

Roget, as the book is now universally known, has one of the most curious histories among those of standard reference works. The author was seventy-four when he published it. It was undertaken to while away his years of retirement from a career of tremendous activity as a physician, savant and one of the founders of London University. He lived to be ninety-one. No one has written his life in detail. The appearance of the new *Thesaurus* should surely inspire some biographer in search of a great subject.

Charles Dimont

Photograph by Reg Wilson

George Baker, as Buddy, dying of tuberculosis, and Juliet Mills as Kitty Palmer, star in *The Glad and Sorry Season* by two American authors, Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jnr. Set in a mountain lodge somewhere in the U.S., the drama, far-fetched but sometimes moving, revolves round the relationship between Buddy, detached from human affairs, and Kitty, a mixed-up adolescent. She is on holiday, with the rest of her family, to get over the suicide of her adored brother

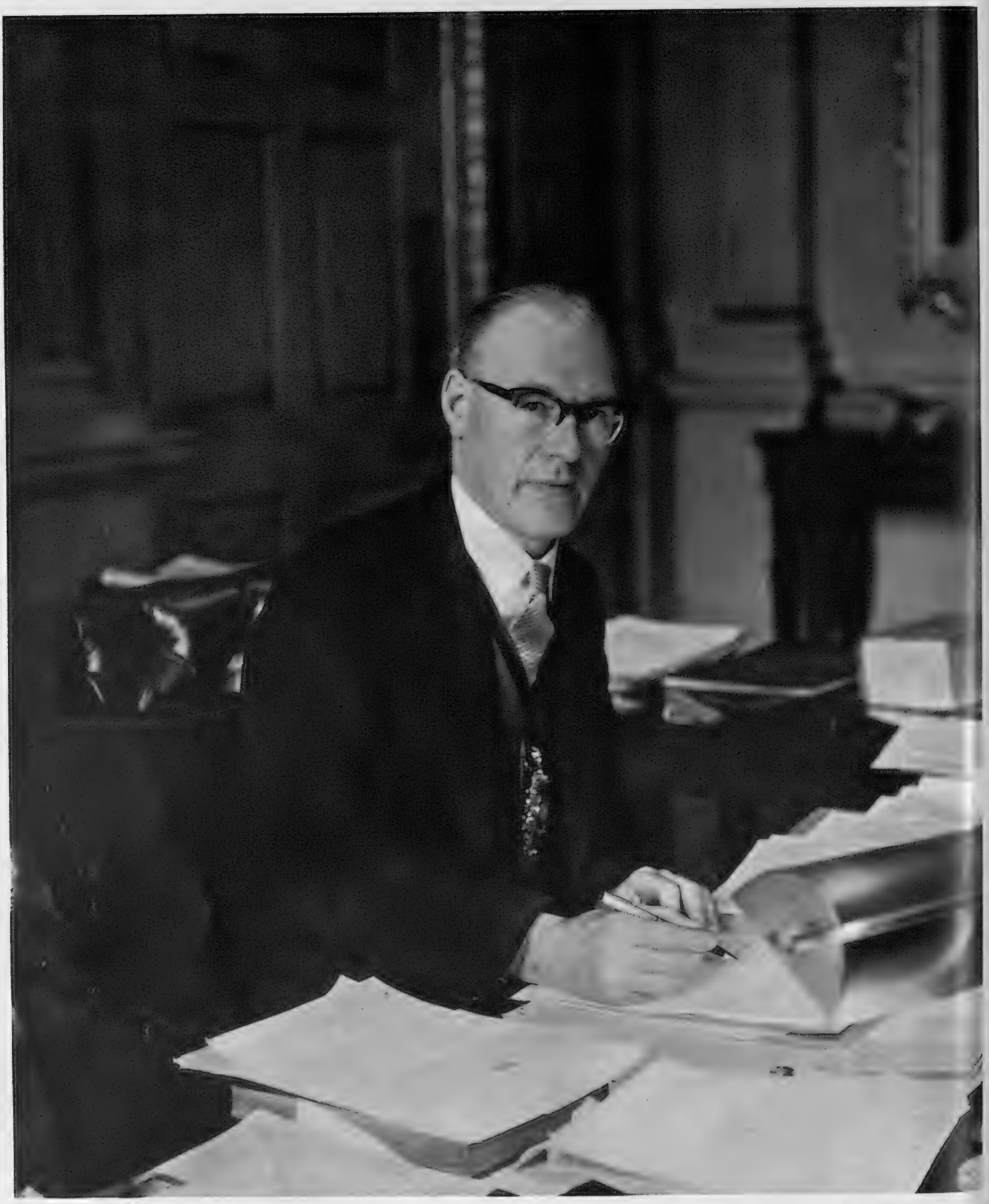
THE GLAD AND SORRY SEASON

at the Piccadilly Theatre

Tito Gobbi as Iago and Mario del Monaco as Otello head a scintillating cast in the Covent Garden production of Verdi's *Otello*. It is the first time that the famous Italian tenor, Mario del Monaco, has appeared at the Royal Opera House since 1946. Others in the cast include the Bulgarian soprano, Raina Kabaiwanska

OTELLO

at the Royal Opera House



THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON

Photographed by Tom Hustler

Sir Frederick Hoare

It is fitting that in the year which sees the inauguration of the City of London Festival, the Lord Mayor should bear a name closely associated with the history of the Corporation and the City. Sir Frederick Hoare is the third member of his family to hold the office. Frederick Alfred Hoare was born in 1913 and educated at Wellington College, in Berkshire. In 1931 he entered the family business of C. Hoare and Co., Bankers in the City of London, as a clerk. Five years later he became bankers' agent and in 1947 was appointed managing partner. In the same year he was made director of Hoare Trustees and a local director of Phœnix Assurance. During the war Sir Frederick was rejected by all three services on grounds of ill-health, but from 1939 he was a very active member of the Industrial Civil Defence in the Fleet Street area. He is a member of the Court of Assistants of the Goldsmiths' Company and a Liveryman of the Spectacle Makers' Company. He was elected to the Court of Common Council for the Ward of Farringdon Without in 1948; Alderman in 1950 and Sheriff and one of H.M. Lieutenants for the City of London in 1956. A Knighthood was bestowed on him in 1958. Sir Frederick's wide range of activities includes the Governorship of several schools, the chairmanship of the Family Welfare Association, and the treasurership of the City of London branch of the St. John Ambulance Association. He and the Lady Mayoress were married in 1939 and they have two daughters. Chess, fishing, ornithology, photography and philately are among his recreations

EXPERTISE IN THE CITY

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

Trapped into taking part in an economic round-table discussion recently —one of those quick-fire " brains trust " affairs where one is constantly forced to over-simplify but also made to think—I had a dual question fired at me. In which sector of the British economy, among its growing points, did I consider this country was at present most genuinely ahead of the world and most likely to be able to retain its lead? As a writer ordinarily concerned with the physical performance of the economy—industry and its products—I deliberately but not perversely stepped out of my field and offered the table for argument: " The financial services of the City of London."

For anyone concerned with technology, that is a reluctant suggestion, or admission. One would genuinely like to nominate some extremely advanced and esoteric form of science-based industry, some lively and ingenious commercial inspiration to woo the moneyed consumers of the world, or some dependable and vitally necessary physical service in communications or power. Britain has all of these; but so have other countries, and it is almost a characteristic of " the new industries " that the geography of leadership in them, outside perhaps the United States with its huge market, tends to be unpredictable and to change from year to year.

The City, which in industrial jargon one might call a complex of labour-intensive activity making comparatively little use of scientific equipment and dependent upon painstakingly-acquired craft skills, could not be farther removed from most people's idea of a modern " growth industry." Yet the value of its " output per head," so far as one can measure it, may be extraordinarily high; many parts of the complex activities within it are growing as fast as any new industry; and in some of the most important it is not only admittedly the centre of the world but ought to have not too much difficulty in remaining so.

These City activities are many and various: to the outsider, conscious that these are all changing and renewing themselves, their pattern remains bewildering. Some of them represent the normal financial and accounting superstructure of any nation's economic activity; others are inherently international, knots in the network of world business and finance.

There is at least one more potent stock exchange in the world, as no one has been left in any doubt during recent weeks while the London market in company with European bourses has fallen sharply in sympathy with the new, frightened mood of Wall Street. Some international investors might indeed argue that there are more modern regulations of joint stock company practice to protect the shareholder and to define his relationship with the directors of the industrial enterprises of which he possesses and can transfer his partial ownership. Yet the more elaborate rules imposed by the Securities Exchange Commission in New York, quite obviously, had not succeeded in preventing a good deal of dangerous speculation during the Wall Street boom that was punctured at the end of May. And the Jenkins Committee, which has just reported after looking at most facets of the relation in Britain between the shareholder and his company, has found a good deal to alter in detail but not much to change in the basic rules.

In some other countries, again, banking is perhaps more closely knit into the long-term financing of industry, largely as a result of different economic history. British banks, in general, lean away from financing industrial investment that becomes too fixed: traditionally, they are prepared to provide finance for the working capital of business and temporary credit for, say, export ventures. Yet few financial centres in the world provide as efficient a market for the provision of long-term capital from the investor for every kind of industrial venture; and of late, as exports have become so much more vital to this country's solvency and the need for long-term credits overseas has grown, the City has shown remarkable flexibility in adjusting its financial arrangements to the needs of world competition where the terms of credit are often as vital in getting the order as the technical capacity to meet specification.

Not all of the commodity markets which operate in London are today as important as they were in their heydays of freer trade. They were hampered for a long time after the war by difficulties of exchange convertibility; some very large-scale producers of metals, for example, prefer to deal direct with very large-scale buyers, without more than a genuflection to the prices that emerge from open bargaining in the rather " thin " markets (i.e., markets which provide a pointer to prices, but in which no great volume of actual trade is in fact fixed). The same is not true of shipping, on the Baltic market. This may not always be very active—as witness recent months, when the volume of demand for shipping has been miserably lower than the tonnage on offer, bringing freight rates down to very depressed levels. But when inactive and depressed the Baltic simply reflects the state of world shipping; it remains one of the world's most important markets in one of the most freely competitive businesses in the world.

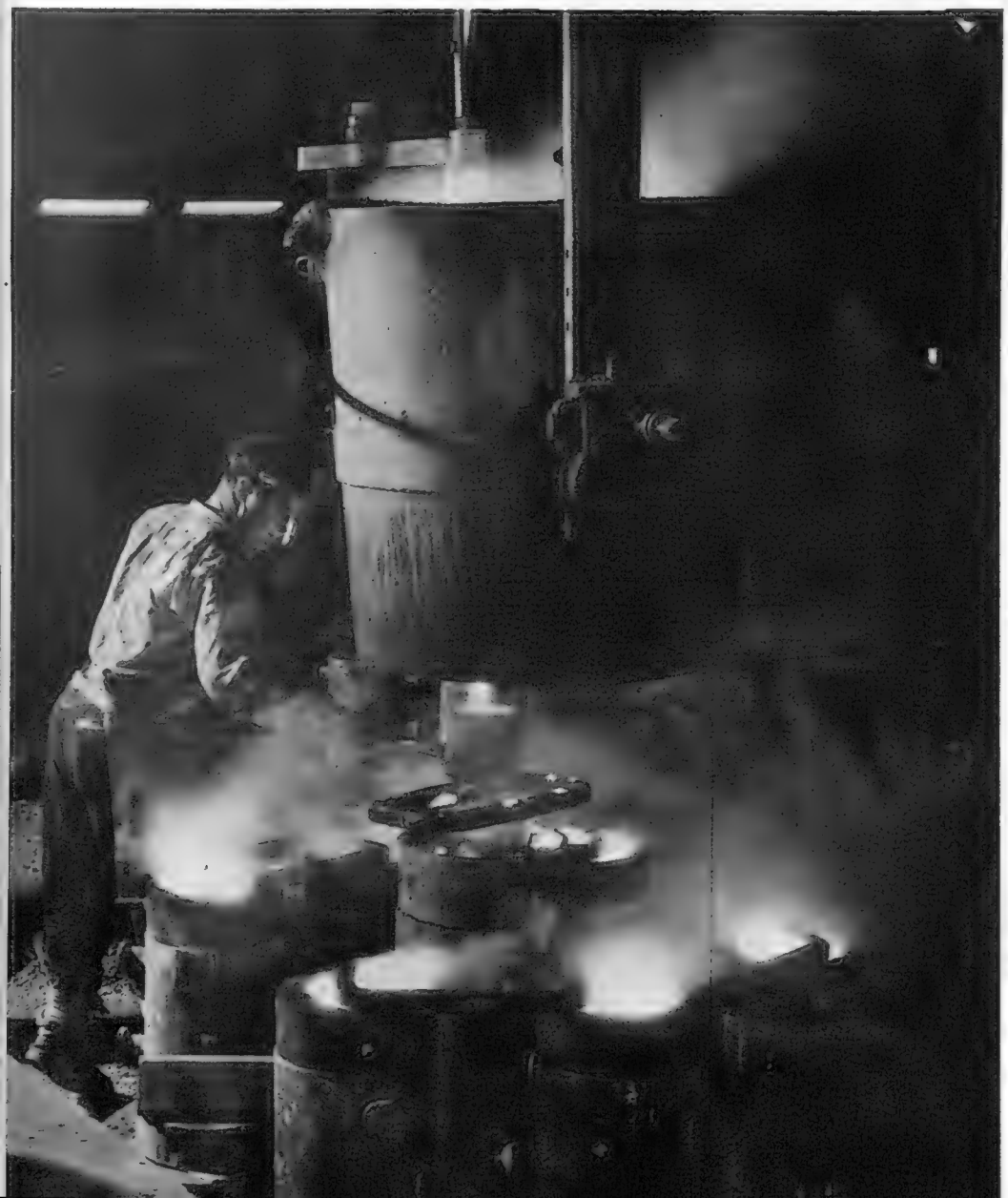
In Lloyds and in the great insurance companies, Britain remains a supplier of financial service to the world. It is doubtful whether any other centre transacts as much of the world's insurance business, from pension funds to airliners. The foreign exchange earnings of this international business vary; there have been years when London's low premiums and the vicissitudes of fortune in the United States have shaved the balance of advantage pretty thin in this part of the City's " invisible earnings." But it is a sector of the City of which the international connections were not seriously weakened by the years of inconvertibility of sterling, and one in which the store of expertise would not be easy to match in any of the other, perhaps rising, financial centres of the world.

There are other Continental and even Eastern centres where the intricacies of foreign exchange dealing, with its own remarkable vocabulary and its constant, paradoxical concern with fractions of a cent or of a per cent., and at the same time funds running into many millions, are well understood. London is not alone here—though it is certainly more important than any city of the Common Market countries, and probably more important than New York or Zurich. This is from time to time partly a matter of interest rates in the different money markets, which determine where the international operator thinks it best to hold his capital; but it also depends upon the flexibility and variety of opportunities that each centre offers.

In these and many other fields—for example, the City's whole apparatus of import-export business and entrepôt trade—London has considerable chances of becoming the financial centre of the European Common Market if we enter; and even if we should not, it might exercise considerable magnetic power from outside. None of the E.E.C. capitals or financial cities have nearly as developed a complex of financial institutions; and many people in these cities are not even anxious to try shifting the weight from London. As Britain has had bitter reason to learn several times since the war, there are heavy responsibilities and internal problems arising from the fact that much of the world's trade is in sterling and that the backing of our " reserve currency " remains fairly precarious, by traditional standards. But the responsibilities carry advantages, too; and some of them are concentrated in the sheer prowess and expertise of the City of London.

A busy scene on the floor of the London Stock Exchange

Molten alloy is poured from the electric arc furnace into a ladle. The first stage in the production of an alloy is the melting and blending of the various constituents. **Below:** A sample of white hot metal is taken from the ladle to be sent to the laboratory to be checked. This is an additional safeguard for standards of quality, since every care is taken to control the proportion of the various alloying elements. The ladle transports the molten metal to the next stage, where it is poured into ingot moulds and allowed to solidify



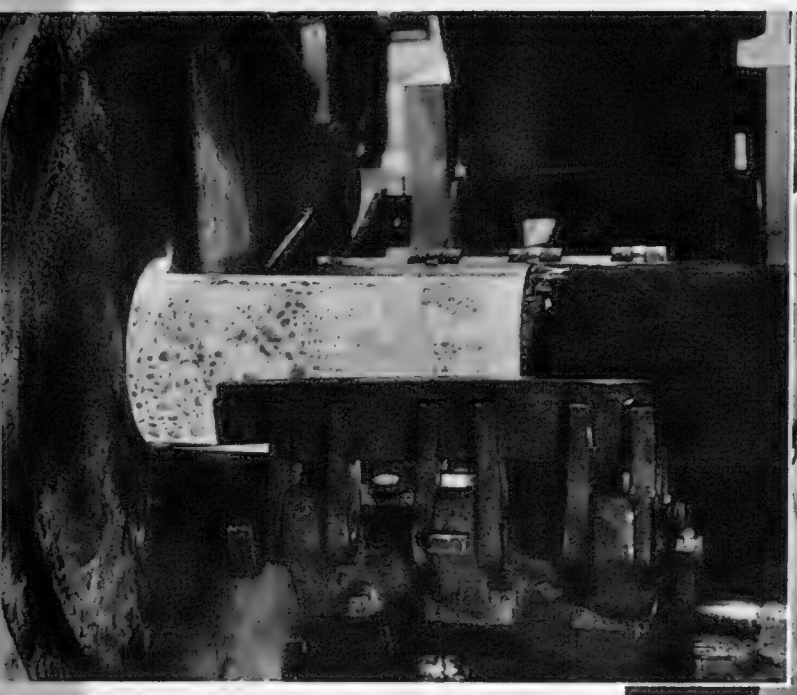
ADOLF MORATH PHOTOGRAPHS

BRITISH INDUSTRY

The Hereford works of
Henry Wiggin and Company Limited

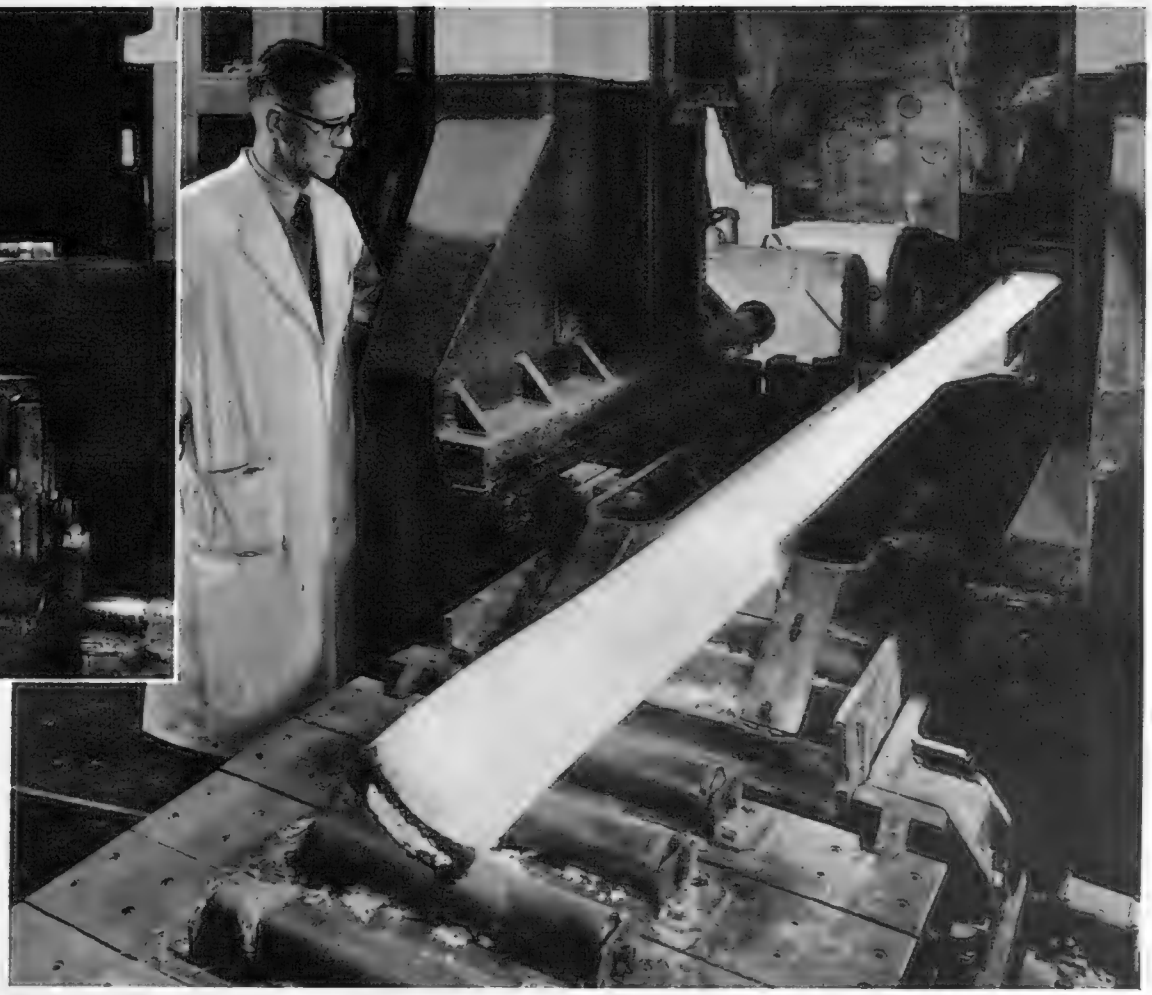
Henry Wiggin and Co., Ltd., is Europe's largest producer of specialised high-nickel alloys and possibly the largest producer of such materials in the world. Each of these specialised alloys has certain qualities which no other metallic material can offer. In consequence, they play an important role in world industry and a significant part of the company's production is exported each year to more than forty countries. Henry Wiggin has been in the forefront of the production of these specialised alloys since before the First World War. In 1929 the company began to concentrate on development and production of alloys for three important fields: high temperature; corrosion resistance; and electrical resistance. The Second World War created a new impetus in the development of nickel and nickel-containing materials, which became more intense when work on the early Whittle gas turbine demanded alloys which had a much greater heat- and creep-resistant ability than ever before.

(*Continued on page 32*)



The ingot is loaded into the container of the 5,000-ton horizontal extrusion press. The hot metal is then forced through a die in order to produce a bar which subsequently can be rolled or drawn

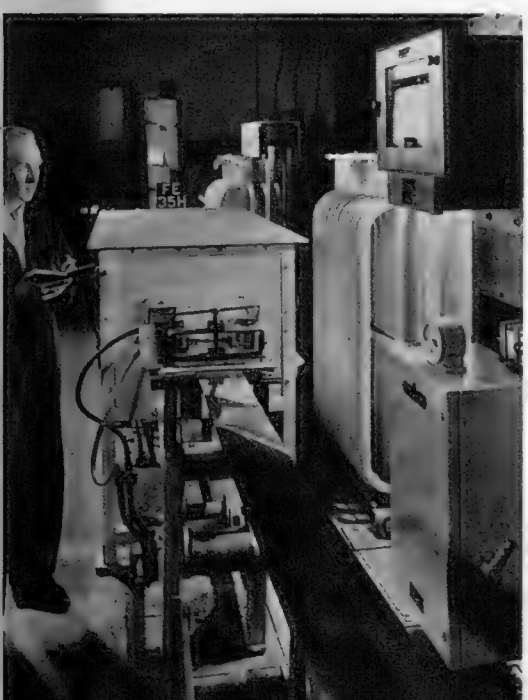
Right: The bar comes out of the extrusion press. It will be rolled between heavy steel rolls to produce sheet, which is used, for instance, in the fabrication of chemical plant or for combustion chambers for gas turbine jet engines

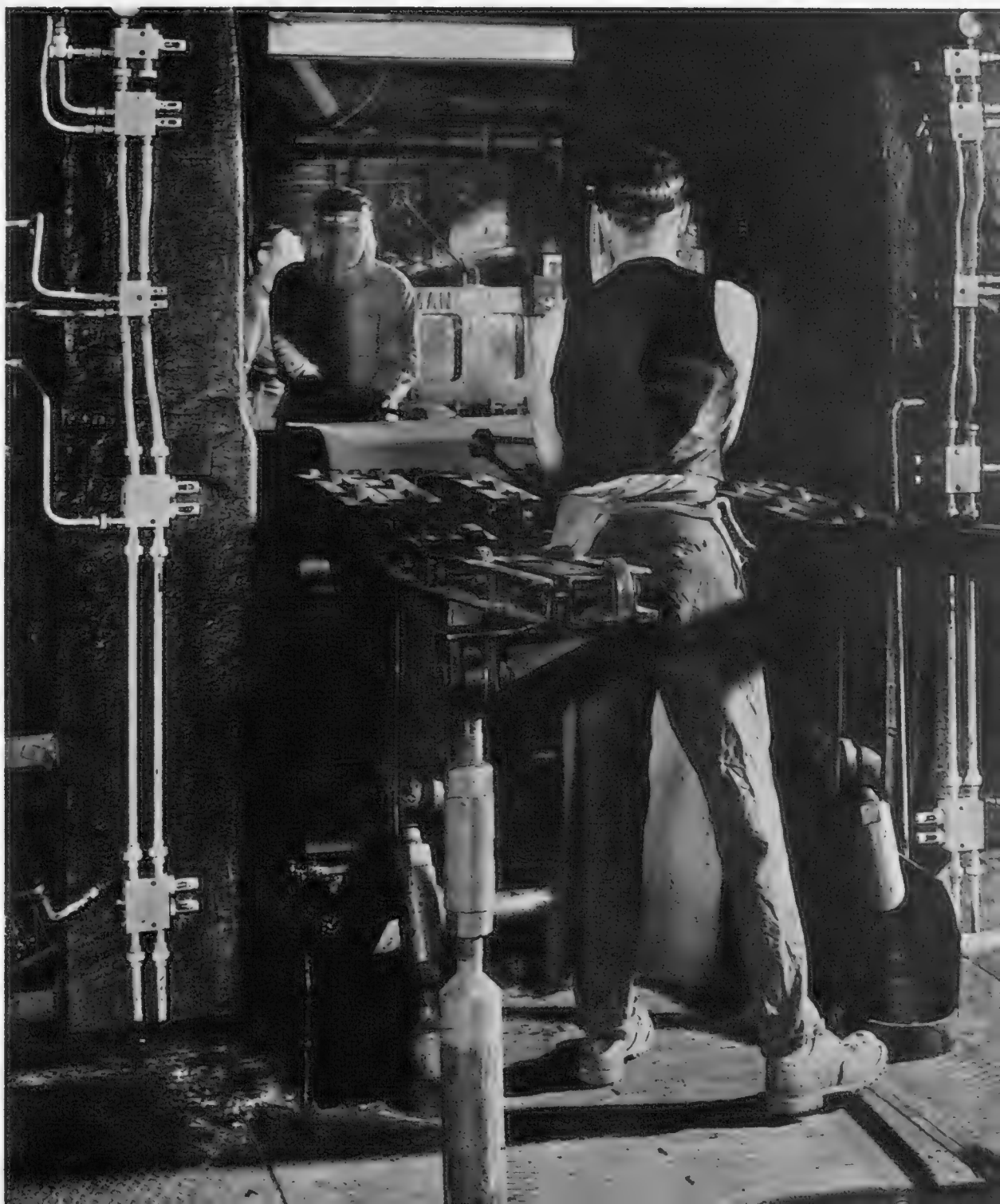


An analyst places a sample on an automatic spectrometer while his colleague pre-sets the measuring and recording console. The spectrometer electronically measures the sample's composition

Right: The heated bar is in the process of being rolled into sheet—to do this the operatives are passing the sheet repeatedly between the rollers

Below: This method of annealing (softening the metal during rolling) prevents oxidation of the metal surface during heating by the use of a closed furnace containing a non-oxidising atmosphere



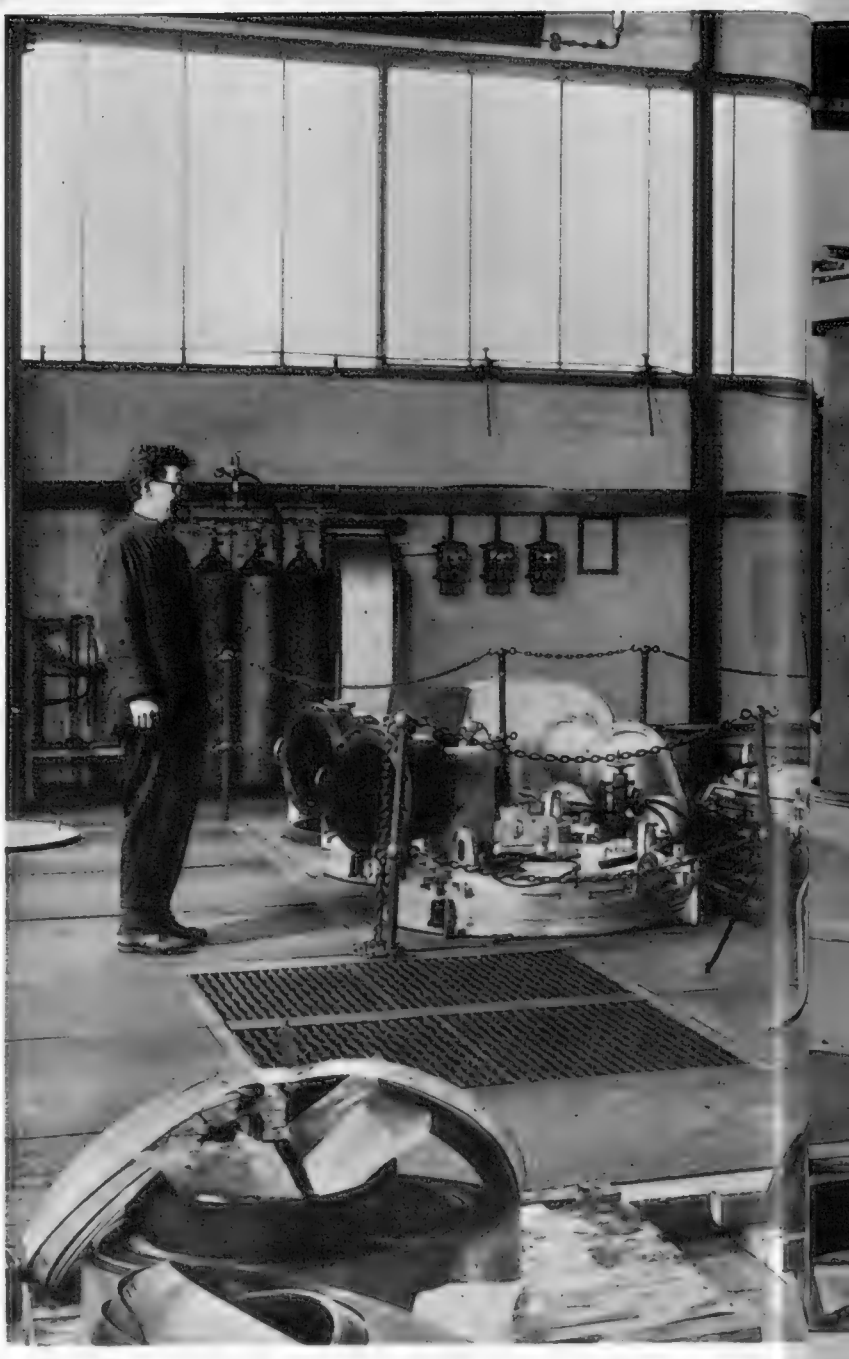


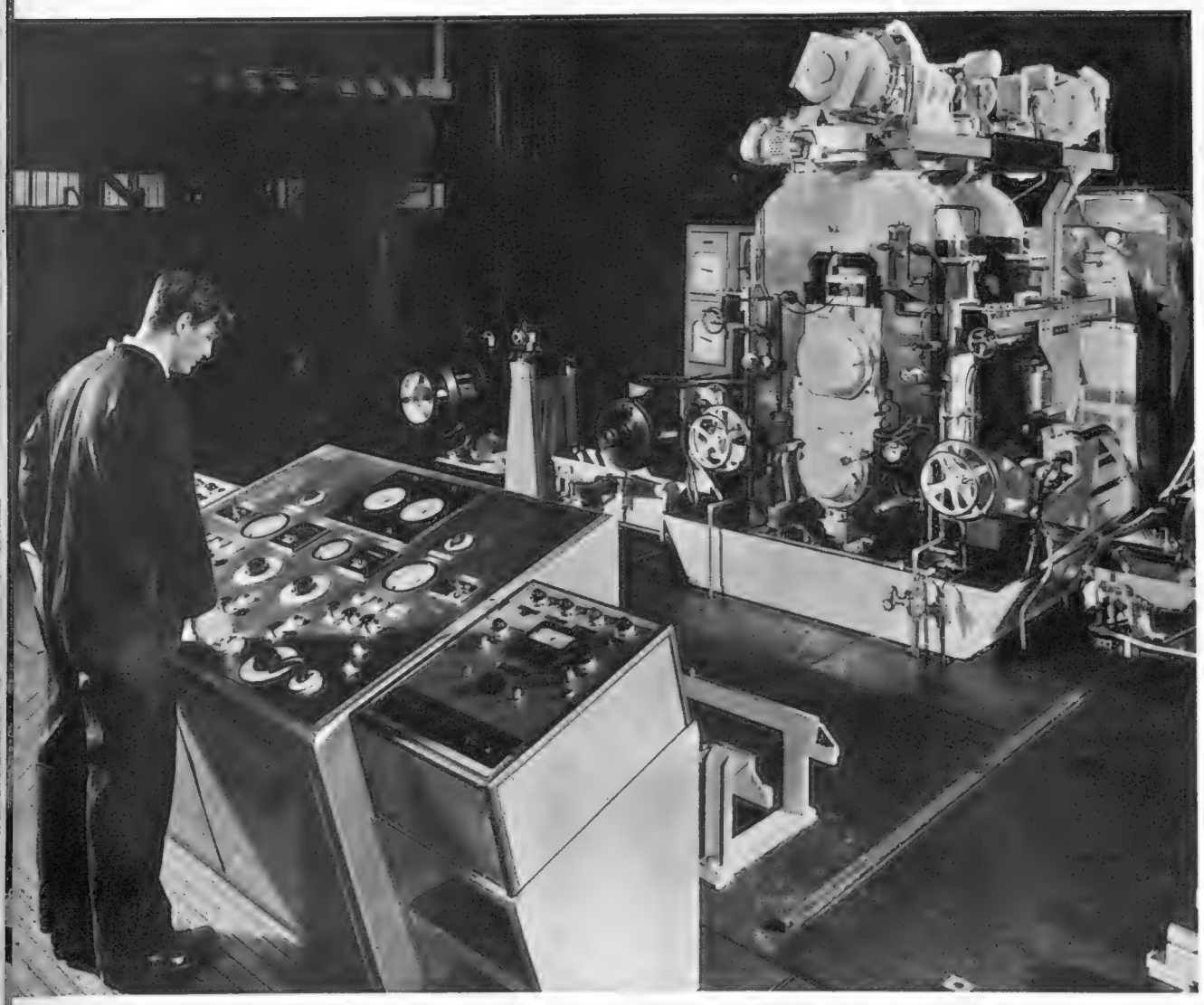
British Industry

HENRY WIGGIN & CO., LTD.

Above: Ultrasonic testing ensures that the metal is sound all the way through and is free from internal defects. The process bounces electrical impulses through the metal. Any defect in the alloy deflects the path of the impulse and this deflection is registered on the circular screen (seen on the right)

Right: During rolling it is necessary periodically to anneal the metal by heating then cooling it. Here the red-hot vacuum furnace, containing the annealed strip, is lifted from its foundations for emptying and recharging. Right is the vacuum extraction plant—annealing in vacuum protects the metal's bright surface



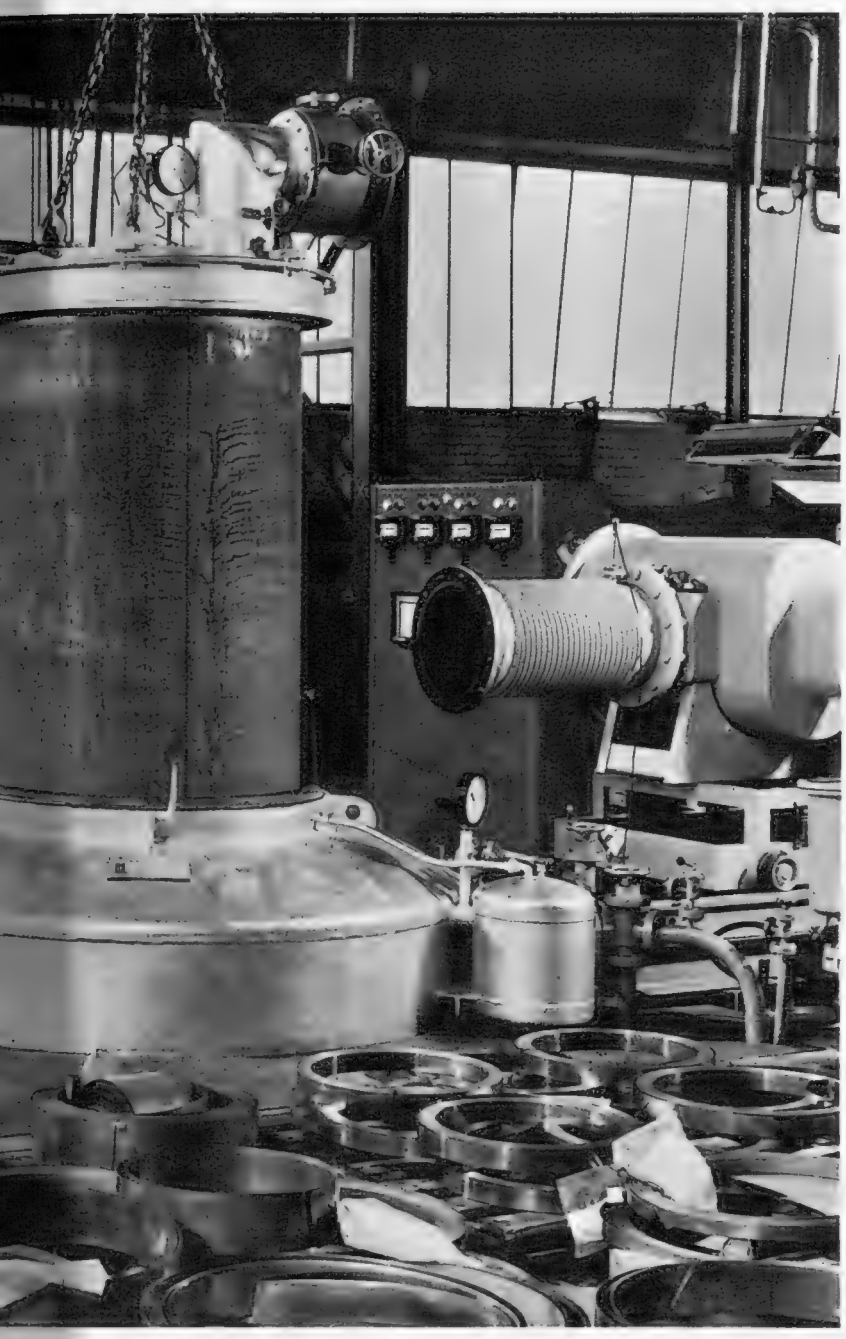


(*Continued from page 30*)

As a result, in 1939, the Government turned to Henry Wiggin's parent company in order to investigate the possibility of improving its well-known 80 per cent. nickel and 20 per cent. chromium alloy. More than 1,000 experimental alloys were produced during the ensuing year, but two showed interesting possibilities. Both were basically 80/20 nickel chromium with titanium added for stiffening purposes. The first, "Nimonic 75," proved invaluable for high-temperature components made from sheet. It remains in widespread use for flame tubes and components in industrial gas turbines and for fixtures in furnaces. The second, known as "Nimonic 80," was introduced commercially in 1941, and became the standard material for British gas turbine rotor blades. Subsequently, an improved version, "Nimonic 80A," was developed.

To meet the increasing demand for the requirements of gas turbines, the erection of a strategic plant for the

Left: The automatic cold strip rolling mill can reduce the strip to a uniform thickness of only 2,000ths of an inch. The operative is adjusting the roller pressure of the mill



To ensure the material is strong enough, samples from each finished batch are subjected to rigorous testing—here in a tensile test on a machine incorporating electronic measuring equipment. **Below:** the metallographer compares the image of the specimen he sees on the microscope screen with standard charts for estimating grain size

production of Nimonic alloys was begun at Hereford in 1951 for the Ministry of Supply. In 1956, Henry Wiggin purchased these works with the aim of concentrating all production there at the same time as they modernised and expanded. A large part of this work is now complete and most of the company's production activities are concentrated at Hereford. By 1965, the process should be complete, when there will be about 1,250,000 sq. ft. of working space. Most of the main production plant is under one roof, but hot strip rolling, rod rolling and wire drawing will be housed separately. The Hereford works probably produce a wider range of nickel alloys than any other works in the world. In this short space it has been necessary to concentrate on only one group, leaving out mention of corrosion-resistance alloys and electrical-resistance alloys. These materials are used in such diverse fields as railway engines, ocean liners, petroleum refineries, domestic irons, immersion heaters and television sets.

Right: In this method, narrow alloy strip is produced by slitting the sheet lengthwise. The operator is checking the width of the metal strip with the aid of a micrometer

INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

AFTER JENKINS

By "THE SPHERE" CITY CORRESPONDENT

One of the major talking points in the City remains the report presented by Lord Jenkins' Committee on company law. This Committee was set up roughly two-and-a-half years ago by the then President of the Board of Trade to investigate the whole field of company law, notably take-over bids, directors' duties and shareholders' responsibilities.

Major interest of the report to investors lies in the recommendations covering a wide range of subjects for fuller and more detailed information. But investors must remember that these recommendations are not law; even those suggestions which the Government does support may well take two to three years to reach the Statute Book.

On the publication of more information, the most important single suggestion from the committee is the ending of exempt private companies' freedom to file profit and loss accounts and balance-sheets. Though of great interest to the directors of 269,000 exempt private companies in Britain, this suggestion is not of direct relevance to investors as a whole. They will be more concerned by the suggestions that companies should provide turnover figures, a very full analysis of investments in other companies, especially when these involve more than 10 per cent. of the others' capital.

The second important suggestion which could affect investors is that shipping concerns—but not banks and insurance companies—should lose their privileged position. At present the Board of Trade allows shipping companies, out of regard to the national interest, to understate the full extent of their profits and reserves. If the Government were to remove this privilege from shipping companies, the full scope of their assets and investments would be revealed.

One of the most intriguing possibilities among shipping company equities, if the exemption were removed, is Furness Withy. Apart from its liner services throughout the world, Furness Withy has interests in a wide range of associated companies, which include shipowners, engineers and insurance firms. Shareholders know now that the group owns between 30 per cent. and 50 per cent. of the equity of Royal Mail Lines and Manchester Liners, two large shipping firms, and of the Economic Insurance Company, along with less than a 30 per cent. interest in British United Airways.

If the report is adopted, many industrial companies also will have to give more elaborate details of their investment interests. A good deal of City interest has centred on Greeff-Chemicals, a relatively small trading group which has developed an extensive network of investments very largely in major unquoted concerns. Greeff's investments, which include a 9 per cent. interest in the giant British Titan Products concern, were shown at just under £3,000,000 in the last balance-sheet, or roughly three-quarters of the total assets. It also owns shares in Philblack, which is now being quoted.

Another small trading concern with large investments is Howard and Wyndham, the Edinburgh theatre group, which has sizeable interests in commercial television. In the 1962 balance-sheet trade investments were shown at only £29,000. But a note stated that quoted investments were worth no less than £1,382,000, while unquoted holdings were valued at £230,000.

Many large industrial companies have also built up a wide range of trade investments, though these are generally of relatively small importance against trading activities. One large company whose trade investments may be of some considerable importance is Cammell Laird, the shipbuilders and engineers. This group is associated with Vickers in English Steel and Metropolitan-Cammell, each of which in turn has other important trade investment interests.

One third sector whose full scope would be highlighted if the Jenkins Committee suggestions were adopted are those companies which have been formed on a 50-50 basis by other large industrial concerns. Many of these companies, which include British Nylon Spinners (owned equally by Imperial Chemical Industries and Courtaulds), are well known to the public but rather less information has been published so far about, say, the series of 50-50 companies that have been formed by the City Centre Property group with a number of leading pension funds and insurance companies.

On these prospects, a portfolio which included Furness Withy, Greeff, Howard and Wyndham, and Cammell Laird, could prove rewarding if—as seems likely—the Government passes into law a large number of the Committee's suggestions to modify the 1948 Companies Act. But no investor should buy these, or any other shares, simply on the hopes of what their directors may reveal. Buying shares purely on the Jenkins suggestions would be sheer speculation, on whether the Government will accept the Committee's key proposals. There is the further important point that full disclosure of profits and reserves might not prove a benefit: in many shipping companies, for instance, the post-Suez setback in freight rates may have eaten into hidden reserves.

But these four shares—Furness, Greeff, Howard Wyndham, Cammell Laird—are all well-established traders, apart from possible disclosures. These shares should prove useful holdings, with the possible extra attraction of striking asset and profit disclosures if the Jenkins Committee's recommendations become the Companies Act of 1963.

GOOD LIVING *By Ganymede*

I have received an interesting report from M. Louis Jadot, the grower and shipper at Beaune. It reached me through the courtesy of his London agents, Messrs. Hatch, Mansfield and Co., and deals with the development of recent Burgundy vintages. It helps no end to put their assessment into the right perspective. The 1961 reds are developing extremely well, having undergone their secondary fermentation earlier this year. "The lighter wines of the Côte de Beaune have a beautifully delicate bouquet and a very attractive palate. Those from the Côte de Nuits being heavier, have not such a pronounced 'nose' as yet, which is to be expected. The Beaujolais have a wonderful bouquet and are full-bodied."

At St. Emilion with officials of the Jurade de St. Emilion, Mr. R. Harcourt, wine buyer, Army and Navy Stores, signs the register as a Prudhomme of this ancient society of vintners

Without wishing to digress too much, I can confirm the statement regarding the Beaujolais from my own experience. During a recent visit to France I drank with several meals a 1961 Brouilly, which was quite up to M. Jadot's description. In addition it was delightfully fresh and much too easy to drink. I am now converted to the view held by many Frenchmen that the wines of Beaujolais should be drunk at such a young age for they are at their best then. I cannot understand why we never even get a chance to try them in their first year in this country.

Another complaint I have in this connection is that too often a Beaujolais is regarded the same as any other red wine and served *chambré* over here. This is a great mistake, for Beaujolais is the exception to the general rule and should be served cool, *i.e.*, at cellar temperature. If this is news to any of my readers, I would suggest that they try just once and then they will be able to see the difference for themselves.

Returning to M. Jadot's report, this is what it says about the 1961 white Burgundies: ". . . they, too, are superb in each district including Chablis. The great disappointment is that the quantity of good wine made was small, and with the great demand in the world we are praying for a large crop." The 1960 whites get a good report, too. They are "now well developed and most attractive." Unhappily, this does not go for the 1960 reds. With charming reticence, M. Jadot suggests that the less said about them, the better. His view of the 1959's shows great enthusiasm. They are "fully living up to the praise they received at the beginning due to their elegance and breed, as they are full-bodied, delicate and maturing well." He does not think the 1961's will be quite a match for the 1959's, with the exception of the Beaujolais, which is even better than the 1959.

Prospects for the next vintage are still uncertain. The unfavourable weather during the early months of summer has retarded development in the vineyards by about three weeks but more recently, and especially during the flowering period, it has been very good, and "the vines will soon make up for lost time." The result of the flowering was anxiously awaited when the report was written. "Coulure," which causes fewer grapes to grow on the bunches, has been noted and this suggests that the quantity will be less than average.

My annual consumption of rum must be negligible, but this is more due to circumstances than to any dislike on my part. I do enjoy a really good rum occasionally, and I like some of the cooling Caribbean mixed drinks in hot weather when made of the proper ingredients and when their rum base is a good one. I have tasted a rum which is not very well known in this country but which, I am told, is very highly regarded by experts in the West Indies. Mount Gay Rum is bottled in Barbados and imported by John Martin of London. It is light in body, with great elegance and smoothness, and I found it different to other kinds of rum I have known. It has a pleasant bouquet, but I was assured by the importers that it leaves no trace in the mouth or on the drinker's breath. I must say that I have found no reason to contradict this claim.

Another importation by the same firm from Barbados is Falernum, which is described as an Alcoholic Cordial made from distilled sugar-cane syrup, flavoured with almond and lime and the essence of various herbs and flowers indigenous in Barbados. Falernum added to Rum (¾ Mount Bay Rum, ¼ Falernum) produces the most popular drink in the island of Barbados, with the misleading name of "Corn and Oil." I have tried this, too, and found it very pleasant, though a little too sweet to my taste. I suppose the proportions could be varied and the amount of Falernum reduced to a dash.

TRAVEL

HIGH SPOTS OF HUNGARY

By **GORDON COOPER**

To most Western visitors, a trip behind the Iron Curtain holds a curious fascination. There is an added spice of adventure about planning, say, a holiday in Hungary, though most people will be happy enough to find just how unadventurous it is. For Hungary today offers a far more relaxing experience than many might suppose.

A visa (15s. for independent travellers) is necessary. This can be obtained on completion of the usual forms through any one of over fifty travel agents in this country representing Ibusz, the official Hungarian travel bureau. They will also arrange your accommodation, which must be done *before* the visa is granted, and will supply you with coupons entitling you to stay in specific hotels on specific dates. You will not be obliged, however, to take all your meals in these hotels, but can obtain, on the spot, meal tickets enabling you to eat at any restaurant in a given category.

The formalities are irritating, but at least they are largely over before you leave Britain. Once in Budapest, the most frustrating restriction, outside tourist offices and hotels, is that of the language barrier.

Budapest is a lovely city. Its loveliness, however, lies not so much in its architectural detail (largely nineteenth- and early twentieth-century and correspondingly heavy), but in its situation astride the Danube, its mellow tones, its parks and its people. The two cities of Buda and Pest were united in 1873. From the wooded hills of Buda rolling right to the river's edge, the views spread far across flat, commercial and administrative Pest.

One of the leading viewpoints is the summit of Gellért Hill (770 ft.), from which the huge Liberation Monument gazes out across the city. From here it is easy to pick out the landmarks: the neo-Gothic Parliament building on the opposite river bank; the enormous People's Stadium in the distance; the cupola of the Cathedral; the many spires—including a number of charming Baroque churches; the nearby complex of Castle Hill and its former Royal Palace, soon to be a palace of culture; the white stonework of Fishermen's Bastion and, beside it, the Gothic spire of the Coronation Church.

Gellért Hill itself is crowned by a fort, while at its foot is the Gellért Hotel, a wonderful piece of early twentieth-century fantasy (modernised within), whose pillared halls and colonnades also embrace a complex of thermal baths. Budapest was known as a spa centre as far back as Roman times, and its lidos mushroom all over the city, many of them of vast proportions. One of the most popular, catering for no fewer than 10,000 people a day, is on Margaret Island, a splendidly green and flowery park caught in the arms of the Danube.

Ibusz arrange sightseeing tours, but I found it interesting to use the crowded and ridiculously cheap public transport. Trams and buses take you anywhere in the city for 3d. or 6d., and even taxi charges compare favourably with those of London.

Two recommended excursions are on the Pioneer Railway and to the Central Market Hall. The railway is an unique feature since it is run by members of the Pioneer youth movement (aged ten to fifteen years) under adult supervision. Its fifty-minute journey through the wooded hills of Buda is a delight, and it costs a mere 8d.

Budapest is a pedestrian's paradise. Its streets are mainly broad, its traffic negligible and the pavements, particularly in the evenings, are crowded with strollers. Cafés and restaurants range from modern coffee-bars to the old-style establishments with traditional gipsy music, while aboard the Danube steamers, Hungarian youth gyrate to the strains of American "pop" music!

Accommodation in Budapest is mainly in large hotels (first-class Royal and second-class Metropol rec.), for the small pension or inn does not exist in present-day Hungary. All-in prices per day are about £2 15s. to £3 15s., according to category; amenities are good, if sometimes old-fashioned, while service is pleasant if sometimes slow.

Outside Budapest, Ibusz arrange a number of excursions such as to the Danube bend and Visegrád, former Royal seat; Debrecen and the Great Hungarian Plain; Eger's famous wine cellars and fortress. An unusual excursion is to Bábolna—a somewhat arduous coach trip, rewarded at the end by a visit to a State stud farm whose livestock include magnificent horses of Arab and Lipizzan stock. The farm itself was founded in 1789 by Emperor Joseph II, and in its gracious courtyard a sculptured memorial has been erected to horses from the farm who have fallen in battle.

The leading tourist centre outside Budapest, however, is Lake Balaton. Fifty miles long, its nearest point about 80 miles west of the capital, Balaton is a region of old churches and castles, of famous vineyards and trade union holiday homes, and of modern summer hotels.

It offers pleasant rather than majestic scenery, with everything on the spot for relaxation, entertainment, wining and dining. The wooded hilly peninsula of Tihany, projecting itself at the narrowest point of the lake, has particular charm. On its shore, Tihany summer hotel follows the usual pattern of accommodation in twin-bedded rooms (30s. per person full board), large modern restaurant, night club, sporting facilities. Above it, the hill is crowned by a fine Baroque church built over Romanesque remains and adjoining a former Benedictine monastery. A few miles away, one can dine at the primitive but delightful Baricska peasant inn, where meals are cooked over an open fire and served by candlelight.

Baroque is in evidence everywhere in Hungary, and one of its most pleasing examples is to be found at Székesfehérvár, which lies between Budapest and Balaton. Thirty-six Hungarian kings were once crowned and fifteen buried in the town. Here, too, are interesting remains of the once immensely rich medieval city, well laid out in the open-air museum.

Airlines including Malév (Hungarian Air Transport), Sabena and K.L.M. operate regular jet services between London and Budapest, tourist return £61 17s. Further information from Ibusz, 46, Eaton Place, London, S.W.1.

The Fisherman's Bastion, Budapest, overlooking the Danube. **Below:** Visegrád on the Danube

MOTORING

A NEW MOTOR MUSEUM

Exhibits on show at Measham; other topics

By **COURTENAY EDWARDS**

Details of a new British motor museum will be announced today (Saturday, July 7) at the third annual sale of veteran and vintage cars at Beaulieu, Hampshire, home of the Montagu museum, which yearly attracts many thousands of visitors. The new one will be at Measham, Leicestershire, right at the centre of England and at the heart of the motor industry. It is being jointly established by Lord Montagu of Beaulieu and Mr. David Wickins, chairman of Southern Counties Car Auctions Ltd., who, since acquiring the Measham organisation last January, now operate at ten different car auction centres.

A £30,000 building with a floor area of 15,000 sq. ft. is being built at Measham to house the exhibits at the new museum, which will be complementary to the Beaulieu establishment and run on rather different lines. "This new museum will be much more than an interesting collection of old cars," Lord Montagu told me. "It will be more in the nature of a permanent record of the history of the British motor industry."

Twenty-five fine old cars will be offered for sale at today's Beaulieu sale and I am interested to note from the catalogue that the seven oldest will be sold only on condition that they are not exported.

The oldest model on offer will be a 1901 Royal Enfield "Quad" Forecar, of which the catalogue says: "The simplest form of fourwheeler for boy and girl was the motor forecarriage, in which the driver sat at the rear, with no suspension whatever, while the girl friend sat in front, nearest the accident, but with her carriage resting on springs. Many firms built these vehicles and several Enfields of this type regularly take part in the Brighton Run."

Lovers of fresh-air motoring will be glad to know that the Rootes Group have just announced a convertible version of the 1·6-litre Hillman Super Minx, which supersedes the drophead model of the older Minx, although the saloon version continues in production at £702 compared with the £805 price tag of the new Super Minx saloon.

The new Super Minx convertible is offered at £961 with an automatic gear-box available for £121 extra. It is the third variant of the stylish Super Minx for, in addition to the saloon, there is also on sale an estate car at £888. Compared with the wide British estate-car range the choice of convertibles in this country is limited and the new Super Minx drophead model will be all the more welcome now that the Rootes Group have discontinued their Singer Gazelle convertible (which sold at £915), although fresh-air fiends will need no reminding there is a Sunbeam Rapier convertible at £1,025.

Apart from these cars the only other inexpensive four-seat British convertibles I can think of are the Triumph Herald (£731) and Morris Minor (£573).

The two things that impressed me most about the new drophead Super Minx during a short test run were the neatness of the hood and the ease with which it can be put up or down; and the rigidity of the body, which is free from the "shudder" often experienced with convertibles. This has been achieved by the use of extra cross-members which are both light and strong. The new car has a smart tonneau cover, bucket seats at the front, screen-washers and a fresh air ventilation system as standard fixtures and a top speed of over 80 miles an hour. Both the door windows and rear quarter lights wind down inside the body out of sight.

The British Automobile Racing Club has laid on an exciting programme for the Festival of Motoring with which it is celebrating its jubilee at Goodwood, Sussex, next weekend. The Festival (on Saturday) will be preceded the night before by a dinner-dance at the Skindles Hotel, Maidenhead, and followed on Sunday by a cricket match in Goodwood Park, home of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, president of the Club, between a team of racing drivers and the Goodwood Estate Club.

The Hillman Super Minx convertible

In the Festival itself one of the main attractions will be the first public appearance of the new turbine-engined *Bluebird* with which Mr. Donald Campbell hopes to resume his attack on the world speed record in Australia. If conditions permit, Mr. Campbell will make a demonstration low-speed run round the Goodwood circuit. There will be a parade of veteran cars, driving tests, a *concours d'élégance*, a parade of vintage sports and racing cars and fashion shows.

By arrangement with the Montagu Museum there will be a display of record-breaking cars used by drivers of the stature of Sir Malcolm Campbell and Sir Henry Segrave.

From Britain's point of view it was interesting at Le Mans this year without being exciting. The weather was superb, the crowd numbered a quarter of a million (so they say) and there were no serious accidents.

Old-time spectators of the famous 24-hours race missed the full-blooded rivalry we used to get from factory teams of firms like Jaguar, Aston Martin, Mercedes-Benz, Maserati and Talbot (not forgetting the pre-war Bentleys). The gay carnival atmosphere was still there, however, and it was obvious once again that more French families converge on Le Mans to join in a mad frolic than to watch motor racing. For them France's classic "grand prix d'endurance" is more the excuse for their journey rather than its object. Under the pine trees at many points around the circuit as well as in the "village" behind the pits, there was the usual fantastic assortment of wine bars, beer gardens, restaurants, tabacs, magazine stalls and establishments dispensing such things as *pommes frites, crêpes Suzette*, picnic boxes, souvenirs and confectionery.

This was France on holiday, with flags fluttering over the pits, loudspeakers belching music and chatter, people of all ages sleeping on the grass under the trees and, by day, avoiding sunstroke by the use of garish peaked caps issued free by publicity-minded oil companies.

For Britain the story of the race itself is a sad one. As we all expected, it was dominated by the Ferraris, which gained the first three places for the second year running. The Italian firm with the symbol of the prancing horse has now won three races in a row, equalling the Jaguar post-war record.

The excellent performance of the two E-type Jaguars which finished fourth and fifth, showed what might have been achieved by Britain if Sir William Lyons had entered a team of specially-prepared cars. The experimental 4-litre Aston Martin entered by Mr. David Brown ran impressively until it retired through lack of oil pressure caused by unsuspected damage to an oil pipe while a dynamo armature was being replaced.

The Sunbeam Alpine of Peter Harper and Peter Proctor did well to finish fifteenth out of the eighteen cars which survived (out of fifty-five starters), but it did not succeed in winning the "economy" prize for the second year running. This so-called "thermal efficiency" contest (for the best combination of fuel economy and speed) was brilliantly won by another British car: the Lotus Elite.

Briefly.... Trojan announce an estate-van version of their three-wheeler which, at £297 10s., is equally suitable for business or private use.... Philips have put on the market a new portable car radio for use at home, in the car or out-of-doors. Price 26½ gns., including do-it-yourself installation kit.... A Morris Mini-Cooper won the Swedish Rally of the Midnight Sun and a Sunbeam Rapier took first place in the Scottish International Rally.... Triumph retained in April its position as the top-selling British *marque* in the U.S. and climbed to third position of all imported cars.

The Trojan 3-wheel Estate Van

Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LTD., Ingram House, 13–15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2, and Printed in England by MARTLET PRESS LTD., 88–94, Old Kent Road, London, S.E.1. SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1962. Second-Class Postage paid at New York, New York.

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 13-15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.*

IRELAND OF THE WELCOMES. What an apt title for the bi-monthly magazine issued by Bord Failte (the Irish Tourist Board). We experienced these welcomes in the streets, the shops, on the telephone and from the management and staff of the hotels we visited in late April and May of this year.

Here is a digest of part of our fortnight's tour. We took the short sea crossing from Stranraer to Larne, firstly because we could annihilate time and distance by booking a sleeper overnight from Euston, and secondly because we had arranged for a self-drive car (it is cheaper than taking one's own for a fortnight or less) and, more importantly, *one can cross the Border from Northern to Southern Ireland in a self-drive car hired in Northern Ireland, but not if one was to hire a car in the South!* Roll on Common Market may be your thought.

Our first halt southwards was for lunch at *Ballymascanlon Hotel*, a mile off the main road, two miles north of Dundalk. Here we met clear evidence of the Irish Republic's progressive attitude towards the development of tourism. Here, as in other hotels, grants have been made towards extension and modernisation, and no one is better qualified to take full advantage of the facilities offered than Mrs. J. H. Quinn and her two hotelier-trained sons. We viewed the new kitchens, cocktail lounge and an entirely new wing of bedrooms, many with bathrooms *en suite*, charmingly furnished and decorated, and with picture-window views of mountains and the surrounding hotel grounds.

Travelling south along a well-metalled highway we were conscious of the fact that there were few motorists beyond ourselves until we reached the environs of Dublin, where we headed for that great hotel of traditional hospitality, the *Shelbourne*.

Ensconsed in our room No. 416 we were able to appreciate the way in which an old building has been transformed to modern needs. Our private bathroom was sumptuous, an ante-room off it acted as dressing-room and storage space for luggage. The beds could be completely curtained off to provide a comfortable sitting-room and from the room service card at our bedside telephone we were invited and encouraged to ring for snacks and drinks at any time of day or night.

Next day we visited the *Gresham Hotel*, where eagle-eyed Toddy O'Sullivan, managing director of the Gresham, took us over the new wing, as sumptuous and spacious as the existing building. He told us of the penthouse suites in course of construction, showed us the enlarged garage and the area being devoted to the adjoining technical college for hotel training; as a result the *Gresham* will be as large—if not larger—than the new *Hotel Dublin* in rapid course of erection at Ball's Bridge.

We thereafter lunched in the chic surrounds of the *Royal Hibernian Hotel*, where Mr. Kenneth Besson had just about completed a long-term plan of making the hotel pleasing to the eye, comforting for the body and, like it's sister hotel, *The Russell*, gastronomically excellent.

Dublin, for its size, must surely be, in hotel development, one of the most progressive cities in Europe and we were glad to visit two of our smaller and consequently lower-priced recommendations—*Buswell's*, at the corner of Kildare and Molesworth Streets, and the *Ivanhoe*, in Harcourt Street, both looking as immaculate as ever.

It takes but little time to reach the open country and for those who prefer to dwell outside the city they might well follow in our car tracks and stay at *Glenview Hotel*, Glen of the Downs, twenty miles out, which stands on a plateau high above the main Dublin/Wexford road. Here we lunched in a large picture-windowed restaurant, which in layout, design and scenic view reminded us of Switzerland. Here Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McCarthy have, since last year, with commendable foresight, added a battery of new bedrooms and private bathrooms, and enlarged their bar and restaurant to cope with the increasing attraction that *Glenview* has for non-residents.

An alternative choice about the same distance from Dublin would be *La Touche*, at Greystones, which David Fitzgerald, aided by his wife, backstage, manages so competently and unobtrusively.

Our next stopover southwards was *The Strand Hotel*, Rosslare, Co. Wexford, and a very satisfying two days we spent there. A family hotel of sound stock, Mr. and Mrs. W. Kelly have all the right background and flair. As a seaside holiday headquarters, *The Strand* is about as satisfying as one could hope for. Three miles of sand, 18-hole golf course, and so much detailed anticipation of young parents' requirements that the month of June is entirely reserved for parents with children of non-school age. They would be equally welcome in May, when, if weather conditions were as this year, no place could be more perfect. Would that we could have added a decimal to our two nights and made it twelve!

Motorists in transit should also note hereabouts the *Talbot*, Wexford. A surprisingly modernly-equipped hotel in this old-world town.

Though we followed the coast road from Wexford to Cork, we savoured disappointment, and on another occasion should make for Ireland's south-west, via New Ross, Kilkenny, and so on to the main Dublin/Cork road. Our objective for a meal, or, better still, for a night of tranquil repose, would be the *Cashel Palace Hotel*, Cashel, Co. Tipperary, where we were one of the first visitors on its opening as an hotel on May 7 last. It has been restored lovingly, furnished sumptuously and has a delightfully pleasant and private view of the famous Rock of Cashel (floodlit on summer evenings). Doubtless, too, it will attract gastronomes to dine and wine, for Lord and Lady Brocket are connoisseurs in the arts of good living.

Via a gracious stairway and charmingly-furnished corridors, all the bedrooms are equally lavish in décor, furnishings, *objects d'art*, and are replete with modern needs.

BOURNEMOUTH, HANTS
HEATHLANDS HOTEL
EAST CLIFF
In the top flight of good family hotels with every comfort for every age. Varied, interesting menus. Large car park.
Brochure from S. P. Sindall, Resident Director. Tel.: 23336.

BOURNEMOUTH. **ROYAL BATH HOTEL*****
For those who can afford the best in appointments, cuisine, service and situation. Orchestra and dancing nightly.
Tel. : 25555.

BOURNEMOUTH WEST. **BOURNE HALL HOTEL**
In a key position for sea, shops and shows and with moderate terms. Private baths, lift, delightful garden, hard tennis courts, billiards. Games Room and Ballroom. Lock-up garages. Tel.: Westbourne 63333.

CHELTENHAM, Glos. **ELLENBOROUGH HOTEL**
Centrally yet quietly situated, this hotel will appeal to those appreciative of their creature comforts in a friendly and efficient environment. Tel.: 2571.

CIRENCESTER IN THE COTSWOLDS. **KING'S HEAD**
an historic hotel completely refurbished, provides cheerful service, excellent food, comfortable bedrooms, many with private bathrooms. Tel.: 677.

FOLKESTONE, KENT. **PRINCES HOTEL**
A.A.*** 70 rooms. In the lee of the Leas. Central and sheltered. Attractive residential holiday or B.B. terms. Fully licensed. Tel.: 52850.

NR. HERSTMONCEUX, Sussex. **WHITE FRIARS**
An hotel of quiet distinction for restful weekends or early holidays (convenient for sea, golf, riding). Buttery open to non-residents. Tel.: 3299.

NR. LEWES, SUSSEX. **RINGMER HOTEL**
Country and Glyndebourne lovers note this hotel for good cuisine, selective cellar and well appointed bedrooms. Supper Licence. Tel.: Ringmer 348.

LONDON, W.2. LEINSTER GARDENS. **LEINSTER COURT**
A quiet, friendly hotel for overseas, provincial and business visitors. Close Hyde Park and Oxford Street. Tel.: Paddington 6088.

LYTHAM, Lancashire. **CLIFTON ARMS**
An hotel in the luxury class with private bathrooms, Grill Room, Cocktail Bar, excellent cuisine and service. Sea-front position. Express train service. First-class golf. Tel. : 6245.

ATHOLL PALACE
PITLOCHRY
PERTHSHIRE SCOTLAND
A magnificent situation close to Loch Tummel, with a background of mountains and moors Forty-six acres of grounds, including 9-hole approach golf course, tennis, natural swimming-pool and sailing. Dancing, Cocktail Bar, private bathrooms. Weekly terms from 15 gns. Tel.: 66.

SALCOMBE, South Devon. **TIDES REACH HOTEL**
on the crest of the wave for outstanding food and wine. Private baths and balconies. Safe bathing, boating, fishing. Adults only. Try the lovely month of July. Inclusive daily terms from 5rs. Tel.: 2888.

SIDMOUTH, Devon. **THE BELMONT**
First-class, fine sea-front position. Noted for catering, refined comfort and unostentatious service. Many bathrooms communicating. Lift. Fully licensed. Tel.: 1555.

He is a big noise in Atomic Research. "Of rather an explosive nature," we were told. On the contrary, he and his wife are two of our easiest-to-please guests. The reason is we can give them all that they ask for in accommodation, food, wine and service and our situation, environment and climate is conducive to peaceful co-existence. They usually come to us for the first three weeks in July, prior to the school holiday rush.

THE GRAND
TORQUAY
Always a good address—especially in July.
Tel.: 25234.

TROON. SCOTLAND. THE MARINE
One of Scotland's finest hotels, facing Firth of Clyde and near the Burns country. Modern, luxurious, furnished for ease, comfort, relaxation. Five famous golf courses, sands, safe bathing. Tel.: 980.

WEYBRIDGE, SURREY
OATLANDS PARK HOTEL
One of Britain's best-run country hotels, only 30 minutes from London's West End. Own swimming-pool, sporting golf course, tennis, squash, bowls, billiards, dancing—all free to residents. 60 acres of grounds. 150 rooms (many with private bath). Self-contained suites. Moderate inclusive terms. Brochure with pleasure. Tel.: Weybridge 4242.

Photographed in the showroom of the London Gunsmiths Holland &

Why are some people as particular about their cigarettes —
PASSING CLOUDS or THREE CASTLES—as they are about their gunmaker?

Plenty of cigarette brands are good. Some very good. A few perfect. This goes for guns, too.

A handful of people (perhaps you are amongst them?) will always seek out this kind of perfection —and find it in Three Castles or Passing Clouds. Because, though these cigarettes differ in shape—

one is round, the other oval—both are made *for* p fectionists *by* perfectionists: made by Wills, w now have nearly two hundred years' experience presenting fine Virginia tobacco at its most fragra

Discover both brands for yourself, soon. One sure to suit *you*.

Fine cigarettes by W.D. & H.O. WILLS